

# Zion's Herald.

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## Zion's Herald.

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### The Outlook.

We hear no complaint about the "bondage of the pulpit" nowadays. Whatever ground there may have been for this accusation a dozen years ago—and some of our readers will recall the articles upon this subject in the early issues of *Scribner's Magazine*—the pulpit no longer lags, rather it is in the van to-day in the fearless crusade which is being waged against every social wrong. Even when intrenched within a powerful and corrupt political organization like that of Tammany in New York, with police and press at its beck, and with a diabolical skill in impugning motive and blackening character, there are preachers who go steadily forward in their work of unmasking vice and in inveighing against official scoundrellism, undaunted by either the malignity of editorial attack or by suits brought for libel before courts of law. One may take exceptions to Dr. Parkhurst's methods, and question the good taste of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in his fulminations against Excise Commissioner Koch, but no one will doubt the honesty of these men or the splendid courage with which they denounce the iniquities of those in power. Others are being inspired by their example. The attitude taken by our great religious bodies in favor of practical dealing with social questions is bearing fruit. We predict for the pulpit a rehabilitation that will ere long remind us of the old prophetic days.

The evident disinclination of the Presbyterian General Assembly to grapple with the issues brought before it, its postponement of credal questions, its treatment of Professor Briggs—sustaining the appeal made by the New York prosecuting committee and remanding his case for trial by that body—the boycott which it has established against Union Seminary—refusing church funds to its students and ordination to its graduates—all go to show that time and agitation have had no effect in thawing the conservatism of the great body of its representative ministry. Judging from the votes cast in Professor Briggs' case—only 82 in his favor out of 516—the liberal wing of the church could hardly muster a sufficient membership to make a decent schism. That the conservatives were fully aware of their strength was made clear by the action taken by the Assembly just before adjournment:

"The General Assembly would remind all under its care that it is a fundamental doctrine that the Old and New Testaments are the inspired and infallible word of God. Our Church holds that the inspired word as it came from God is without error. The assertion of the contrary cannot but shake the confidence of the people in the sacred books. All who enter office in our churches solemnly promise to receive them as the only infallible rule of faith and practice."

"If they change their belief on this point Christian honor demands that they should withdraw from our ministry. They have no right to use the pulpit or the chair of the professor for the dissemination of their errors until they are dealt with by the slow process of discipline. But if any do so act, their presbytery should speedily interpose and deal with them for violation of the vow taken at the beginning, which is obligatory until the party taking it is honorably and properly released from it."

We have had a surfeit of disasters during the past fortnight. Each day has brought its dismal recital of havoc wrought by flood or fire or tempest. The loss of life has been great, and the destruction of property has swelled into the millions. The Western freshets, extending from the head waters of the Missouri and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, have ruined crops and villages in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi to an extent which we in the East can but faintly realize, though the aggregate of loss is estimated at \$50,000,000. Then a tornado swept through Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas, leaving destruction and death in its wake. The mining suburb of Creede, Col., known as Jintown, went up in flame, and though of mushroom growth, the loss is calculated at \$1,000,000. From across the sea come tidings of a horror in Pilsbren, Bohemia: a fire started in the Birkbeim silver mine while 500 workmen were working in it. Hardly had we counted the precise number of the dead though it had reached about 200, when all hearts were troubled by a calamity nearer home. At this time of writing the record of the extraordinary disaster in the Pennsylvania oil regions is not complete. It is known only that Oil Creek in the vicinity of Titusville became swollen by heavy rains and overflowed its banks; a tank of oil, undermined, emptied its contents upon the swift waters; a spark from a locomotive ignited a leaking reservoir of gasoline; an explosion followed and the waters were converted into a mass of rolling, raging flame, enveloping houses, human beings, everything it touched; the fiery torrent swept down upon Oil City, where other explosions took place, and the victims, caught

in their frantic efforts to escape, perished by scores. Eighteen miles of death and desolation mark the track of this awful catastrophe. The number of dead is estimated at above five hundred—and none of the unfortunates could have believed the day before that such a fate awaited them. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death."

### Briefer Comment.

THE dedication of the "High Water Mark" monument, so-called, at Gettysburg on June 2, was one of those events which in the hurry of life recall history and are well worth pausing to consider. Felicitously named, it marks the spot where the great charge of Pickett's division in the third day's battle was breasted and beaten back. It was more than that, for it was practically the turning point of the war. A few desultory attempts at invading the North were subsequently made, but the check at Gettysburg marked the end of the attempt of Lee's army as a whole to make such an effort. The oration on the occasion of unveiling the tablet was by Ex-Governor James A. Beaver. He said that the various military memorials at Gettysburg constitute the most remarkable collection of works of art for the purpose in the world. The one just dedicated, he said, commemorated alike the valor of the Virginia troops which made the charge, and of the "Pennsylvania soldiers who received and withstood its momentum."

THOSE who are familiar with the experience of Mackay, the missionary in Uganda, and the duplicity and scheming of the Roman Catholic priests which ultimately drove him from the country, will not be surprised to hear of new trouble in that unhappy region. The miserable and treacherous King Mwanga has long opposed British influence. Under the pretence of being a Catholic he has utilized every force to thwart Anglican plans. Certain native chiefs who saw their opportunity procured arms from Captain Lugard, the British administrator, and with the assistance of Captain Williams, the vice-administrator, led the attack upon the King and drove him from the country. All information up to the present has been received through Catholic sources, and the official reports of Captain Lugard will be awaited with great interest. In a previous report to Parliament he had anticipated trouble and had asked for additional troops. Mackay's accounts of the concessions which the Catholics had made to the barbarous and even cruel demands of King Mwanga, form interesting reading at this time.

DISPATCHES from the East tell a sad tale of the disasters which have befallen the beautiful Vale of Cashmere. Its romantic surroundings have been told in song and story, while Moore in his limpid verse has thrown a halo round its traditions. A wonderfully fertile country, richly abloom with roses, and with an enormous exportation of its manufactures, it is now panic-stricken with fire and plague. The cholera is raging with unprecedented violence. Within a week 3,000 deaths have been reported, and probably half as many more persons have died without any record. The people die by the roadside and in the village streets, with nobody to nurse them or bury them. From lack of burial the air of the stricken villages is polluted and the ravages of the disease are increased from day to day. The inhabitants have taken to despair to theft, arson and plunder. The capital of the district—the city of Srinagar—has been almost completely wiped out by fire. The people, dazed and panic-stricken, made no effort to stay the flames and many ran into the river and were drowned. Two thousand families are homeless, and about 30,000 men, women and children are now living with little food and no cover in the open air. Help has been sent from Lahore, 200 miles distant, but the assistance is slight and not well organized, and those of the people not struggling with death or disease sit about the ruins bemoaning their misfortunes. The record is a pitiable one.

### SOME MEXICAN TROPHIES.

REV. JOHN W. BUTLER, D. D.

TUESDAY morning, April 26, found us at Tulancingo, some seventy-five miles from Mexico City. We had made the journey the day before, partly by rail and partly on horseback, in company with a native pastor and two missionaries. Tulancingo is a quiet and rather fanatical town, situated at the head of a beautiful and fertile valley.

Soon after 6 o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses and started for Huachuquingo, some thirty-five or forty miles away. The country was, at first, very interesting; then, for an hour or so, rather barren and bleak till about 9 o'clock we reached the woods, through which we were to ride for some time, and which, to the traveler in a hot country, are always so welcome. Before noon we halted under the tall pines by the side of a cooling spring, and spread our lunch on the ever-verdant carpet. We were probably 9,000 feet above sea-level, and the air was very bracing. After a rest of an hour and a half, enjoyed alike by man and beast, we set out again on our journey, and reached Huachuquingo between 3 and 4 o'clock.

The town was almost deserted, owing to the fact that nearly everybody, including the government officials, had gone to a fair in Jico, some fifteen miles away; nevertheless we succeeded in gathering about a dozen souls, to whom we preached in the evening in the upper loft of a coffin factory. At night we slept undisturbed behind a barricade of mortuary boxes of all sizes, shapes and colors.

Our evening meal that day was taken in a restaurant owned and managed by

### A Relic of the Eighteenth Century.

Indeed, curiosity to verify the report of the existence of this centenarian led us to her eating-house. Sure enough, as we entered, there she sat, and was the first to give us a cordial welcome, with a voice deep enough to have come down from the year 1787. Her size rather implied that she had not ceased to grow during these 105 years. Her granddaughter, a strong, middle-aged woman, seemed to be in charge of the culinary department, while Mrs. Eighteenth Century acted as cashier of the establishment.

Early next morning we were in our saddles with faces turned toward Tlacuotepec, some thirty miles away—a shorter but rougher road than the day before. For miles around

Huachuquingo was seen the most wonderful display of roses we ever found anywhere. In some cases the bushes had grown to be great trees, thirty and forty feet high in places, and covered with exquisite, large white roses. Ever and anon we paused to pick blackberries, while seated on our horses. In about four hours we found ourselves getting down into the hot country. On all sides we saw bananas hanging in immense bunches, sugar-cane coming to maturity, pineapples gracing the sunny slope of the hills, and coffee in different stages of growth. At noon we reached the river of which we had been catching occasional glimpses during the last two hours. It is a stream of no mean proportions, rushing along through this deep ravine, to reach which we had descended at least four thousand feet. Here we were met by an escort of six brethren, who had come out to meet us and conduct us to Tlacuotepec. We had expected to lunch by the river-side after plunging into its refreshing waters; but our escort explained that a special repast was awaiting us at our journey's end. So, after a rest of a few minutes, we continued our march on the other side of the ravine and reached Tlacuotepec at about 2 o'clock. Just before coming into town other brethren met us, and thus we had

Repeated Evidences of the Joy of these people in receiving the "messengers of good tidings." A very bountiful repast was followed by a little rest and preparation for the evening services.

Notwithstanding some were absent attending the fair above referred to, we had a congregation of nearly forty. The writer preached, and the native preacher exhorted. It had been our intention to proceed to another town early the next day; but so urgent were the people for a second service, that we consented to remain with them till noon and celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At this service we received into full connection a devoted little woman who had come nearly twenty miles on horseback for that purpose.

It is about one year since we were here before. On that occasion we organized the church and received over twenty into full membership. Among others received at that time was a poor woman brought on her cot. She had been bed-ridden for months, but had received the Gospel through reading the Bible, and expressed a strong wish that she should not be deprived of the privilege of membership through her affliction. So loving hands carried her gently to the service, where she lay in the corner, an ardent worshiper through all. We shall not soon forget the joy and satisfaction of her countenance as we approached the little cot to extend to her the right hand of fellowship, and afterward permitted her to participate in the holy communion. Learning before this second visit that she had died, we made special inquiry as to her last hours. We were told that after our first visit she had greatly improved in health, so that last fall she was able to visit some friends in an adjoining town. During her absence, however, she had a return of her malady, and with great difficulty was able to reach her home. Her case grew more critical with passing weeks till March 22, when the end came. On the day of her death, when mention of a "father confessor" and "the last sacrament" was made, she quietly refused both. No Christian pastor lived within call, this being one of our distant appointments on a large circuit; but she called for the family Bible, which proved to be too weighty for her wasted strength. So, after vainly attempting to hold it while she read, she

### Classed the Sacred Treasure

to her bosom, and quietly and sweetly "fell asleep in Jesus." Only two short years had she owned a Bible, but in that time she had turned from the errors of over forty years, from all sacramental or priestly salvation, to the only and ever-present Saviour, Jesus. How true in her case the language of the poet, as he sings of the Bible:

"There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,  
And gives my laboring conscience peace;  
He lifts my grateful thoughts on high,  
And points to mansions in the sky."

Thus we have another trophy of grace, which shall be a bright star in the crown of rejoicing for the faithful native preachers who go up and down this land carrying the Word of Life and looking up "the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Another generous meal, largely made up of fresh-water fish from the river we passed the day before, and we were again in the saddle, with a ride of some twenty miles before us. In an hour and a half we reached the same river, though further up the stream. We followed its course, first on one side and then on the other, for nearly two hours. Pahuatlan was reached at sunset. It is a small town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated, but sadly afflicted in being one of the most fanatical towns of the republic.

Some time ago, riding across the mountains with a native preacher, he pointed out this town in the distance, and remarked: "There is one solitary Protestant in that place who reads his Bible in the face of great persecution." This fact was what led us to Pahuatlan. It occurred to us that he would make the beginning of a church. One of our brethren from Tlacuotepec is now employed in the State government and temporarily living in Pahuatlan. He had gone to the first-named town to attend our services and kindly consenting to be our guide. On arriving that evening he sent word to this

### "Solitary Protestant"

that the minister had come and was at the inn. The old man immediately left his work, and hastening to the guide asked him if it were really true that a Protestant minister had come to their town. Being assured that it was, he lost no time in reaching the inn and found us at the supper table. Several

people were at the table, but he walked deliberately up to the writer, whom he had never seen before, and throwing his arms around him, in general Mexican style, he exclaimed, "Senor Ministro!"

After the meal we all went to our little room, which was furnished with three cots and one chair. The chair we gave to our visitor, and the rest of us, seated around on the beds, listened with intense interest to the story of the dear old man's conversion. He is probably about sixty years of age, and now lives entirely alone. His friends have all deserted him because of his religion. His parents died when he was still young, but his grandfather had survived these. Years since, he came to know that this grandfather possessed a copy of the Roman Catholic Bible. It was not, however, till seven years ago that he finally obtained possession of the book and began its perusal. The first thing which called his attention was the complete *decalogue*. The Catechism, committed in youth and carried through life, he found lacked the second commandment. None of his religious teachers could tell him why; but the Spirit of God soon led him to see that the practices of his church were in open violation to the missing commandment. As he read on and came into the New Testament, he, like others before him, found his heart "strangely warmed." Then the second question came to him: "Why keep all this from the people? Here is the Gospel in all its purity and simplicity. Why does not the church give this blessed Gospel to us?" Again he obtained no satisfaction from his spiritual advisers; and so, after a terrible struggle, he determined to resign his position as "singer" in the church, and, once for all, to "come out from among them and be separate." They missed his voice, for he was their "chief singer." But great was their astonishment when he not only refused to return, but, also, in clear and unmistakable language, gave his reasons for no longer participating in their idolatry. All the efforts of priests, of friends and of neighbors were useless. Then Rome, true to her history and spirit, began bitter persecution. Friend after friend deserted him, till he found himself alone with his son. His house was stoned, and in many other ways he was annoyed. His son, however, consented to listen to the reading of the Word, and finally accepted the Gospel, to the great joy of the father.

Some two years ago he heard of our services, held occasionally in Tlacuotepec. He embraced the first opportunity to make his way thither and to purchase what he has ever since been pleased to call "la Biblia Metodista." He at once began the task—a joyous task for him—of comparing the so-called Catholic Bible and the Methodist Bible, and, said he, "I saw that they agreed. Then it was that I found the true people of God, and like one of whom I had read I concluded, 'Thy people shall be my people.'"

"About six months ago," he continued, "a great sorrow came to me. My son was taken ill and died. The day of his death, as I sat watching by his side, the parish priest, accompanied by a crowd of neighbors, appeared at the door. I rose up and asked him what he wanted. He said he had come to confess my son. But the son and I insisted that he need not father confessor, as he had already confessed to the only One who has power on earth to forgive sins. I gave the priest a seat by the door and seated myself between him and my boy, so that the latter should not be annoyed. For over half an hour I sustained an argument with him about the idolatry of the church, and then he left; but the crowd of neighbors still remained. It seemed the hour of my opportunity. I had turned the priest away, but the people remained looking upon my dying son. I thought of prayer, but had never uttered an audible petition. I however determined I would do so then. Inviting the people to join, I knelt by the death-bed and said, 'O Lord, my ancient servant Abraham, here I am with my only son! From Thee I did receive him as a gift, and to Thee I freely give him back.'"

What a beautiful prayer! What simple faith! How truly the Spirit of God accompanies the Word wherever it finds its way. Every heart in our little company was touched and every eye was moist as the dear old man concluded. If he had found sympathizing friends, we had found a true brother in this dark corner of the earth.

### Another Trophy of Grace!

As he left us, after prayer, he assured us with a determined voice that nothing should separate him from God's love and God's Word; and when one in his circumstances makes such a declaration, it means a hundred times more faith and courage than are required to make a similar declaration in our own highly-favored land. My Christian reader, we are constantly finding these trophies of grace in Mexico. Will you help us take care of them?

Mexico City, May 10, 1892.

### THERES, LUXOR AND KARNAK.

REV. W. H. WITHERS, D. D.

### II.

THE Temple of Luxor, only less stupendous than that of Karnak, commemorates the might and pride of Amenophis III. and of Ramesses the Great. Its remaining obelisk—the twin of that in the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris—is one of the most perfect in existence. Amid its mighty columns the paltry pillars of a Coptic church, or of Roman basilica—it is hard to decide which—but emphasize the architectural grandeur of the ancient structure. An Arab mosque and part of a squalid village still occupy a portion of its site, but so vast is the whole that they scarce mark its symmetry. I wandered beneath those towering shafts at sunset and watched the red glow on their lotus capitals turn to ashy

gray, and the shadows gather in its solemn aisles. At night I had it illuminated with magnesium lights—a sort of artificial moon—whose white light and deep shadows added a feeling of mystery and vagueness that greatly increased the impressiveness of the scene.

From the great pylon, or gateway, of Luxor extended for two miles an avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, now for the most part concealed beneath the ground, though many rise above the surface, reminding one of Milton's lion, springing from the earth and "pawing to get free his hinder part." This avenue leads to the great Temple of Karnak—

### The Most Stupendous Structure

ever erected by the hand of man. The length of the principal group of buildings is over one-third of a mile—1,995 feet; its breadth is 370 feet. A mighty pylon, of this width and fifty feet deep, rises to the height of 140 feet. But mere figures give a meagre idea of its majestic proportions. From its main portals other avenues of sphinxes lead to other temples, cumbering the earth with ruins for hundreds of acres. The great hall is 170 by 329 feet. Its massive roof was supported by 134 gigantic columns, twelve of them being 62 feet high and 11 feet and 6 inches in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-two being 42 feet high and 9 feet and 4 inches in diameter. Shattered by an earthquake B. C. 27, several of them lean like fallen cliffs against other columns, carrying with them their huge lintels and architraves. Others are broken into huge, drum-like sections, and in wild confusion cumber the ground. I clambered over these and climbed to the top of the columns, and wandered over the lofty lintels, trying to imagine by what power these huge stones—the main lintel was 40 feet and 10 inches long—were raised so high in air.

In the adjacent Hall of Caryatides (so named from the impressive colossal figures of Thothmes I. as the god Osiris) rises a majestic shaft which dwarfs all others—the tallest obelisk on earth—a single stone 108 feet and 10 inches high and eight feet square at its base. Another obelisk of similar size lies shattered at its foot. An inscription records that both of these were brought from the distant quarries of Nubia and sculptured from basalt to summit and erected in the space of seven months in the year 1690 B. C.; and that they were the monument of the love of Thothmes I. for his daughter, Queen Hatsuep. Had ever woman grander monument than this?

On an adjacent temple wall is an inscription recording the names of the countries conquered by Thothmes III. "This list," says the distinguished Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, "is nothing less than a synoptical table of the Promised Land, made 270 years before the Exodus." Indeed, several scholars think that they have found here the names of the patriarchs Jacob and Joseph.

The whole outer wall is covered with reliefs and hieroglyphs recording the conquests of these old Pharaohs. One of these recounts the victories of the "Shishak" of the Bible over Rehoboam, king of Israel. With uplifted arm he is about to smite a group of captives at his feet. One of the captives bears the name Judah Melek, which Champollion interpreted as "King of Judah," but it is probably the name of a place instead of a person. It makes the story of these old kings strangely vivid to see for one's self their contemporary portraits, and furnishes a remarkable confirmation of the truths of Holy Writ.

Here, as elsewhere, one of the temples had been converted into a Coptic church, and the pictures of the saints of Christendom blend strangely with the sculptures of the pagan Horus and Osiris.

### Three visits to Karnak but

### Deepened my Impressions of its Majesty.

In the evening light I climbed its mighty pylon to see the sun set over the plain of Thebes. Through the broad expanse of vivid dunes flowed with many a curve the River Nile. On the eastern horizon the Arabian Mountains burned like a topaz in the ruddy light. In the west the Libyan range were veiled in a tender opalescent blue almost as pale as pearl. The lengthening shadows of the Colosse crept across the plain. The feathery palm trees waved in the evening breeze. The golden light grew a deeper crimson till the river, as if smitten again by the rod of Moses, seemed turning into blood. Upon just such a scene the eyes of Ramesses and Thothmes and fair Hatsuep, and later of the Ptolemies and Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra, must often have rested. The past seemed more real than the present. Then the shrill clamor of the squalid Arab village at my feet broke the spell. The muezzin's plaintive call to prayer wailed out from the minaret. The afterglow of sunset turned to ashy gray. As the shadows gathered, I wandered amid the deepening gloom of the forest of columns in the great Hall and reflected on the vanity of human greatness, the evanescence of human life. The lords of the ancient world built those mighty fane to defy the power of time. Now like those shattered ruins—the resort of owls and bats—their empire is broken and haunted by memories of fallen greatness and faded renown.

Mounting my camel in the great colonnade where many a priestly procession had swept, I rode away in the twilight, dimly discerning the criosphinxes and the cat-headed deities that peered above the sand in the vanished temple of Mont. My faithful camel-boy, Abdullah Mohammed, recounted a legendary folk-tale of a king and a priest and a cow and her calf; and repeated, as if it were new, the riddle of the sphinx about the creature that walks first on four legs, then on two, and last on three—the endless symbol of human life. And I took leave forever of Karnak and Luxor and Thebes.

### THE OLD AND NEW SOUTH.

WE welcome every new and responsible expression of opinion from Southerners concerning the South. Thomas Nelson Page is the latest historian and essayist on "The Old South" and "The Negro Question." He is anxious that justice shall be done to the old South in the volume of truthful, accurate history. No objections can be made to such anxiety. He writes not an elaborate history, but publishes some lectures and essays in which he deals with these subjects and pleads for "A History of the Southern People." He betrays none of the true historic spirit. He is not qualified to be the coming historian. He is disposed not only to defend the South, but to impeach New England, and especially Massachusetts, in comparison with the South. His claims for his own section are too great. He begins at the beginning in his impeachments and inaccuracies. He affirms, on no better authority than "general tradition," that the "Mayflower" was employed in the African slave-trade; that Grant's ancestors were Southern; that the subordination of civil and religious liberty to everything else is the key to the Southern character; that slavery was a blessing to the African, because it gave his race the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history; that the establishment of this Union in its integrity, and of the doctrines upon which it is maintained, are due to the South; that colonization would have solved the problem of slavery if abolitionism had not been born too soon. The following passages need to be quoted, to illustrate the qualifications of Mr. Page as a geographer and historian:—

"It was not at the South, but at the North, in Massachusetts, that Prudence Crandall was, for teaching colored girls, subjected to a persecution as barbarous as it was persistent. After being sued and pursued by every process of law which a New England community could devise, she was finally driven forth into exile in Kansas."

"She opened her school in Canterbury, Massachusetts, in April, 1833, and was at once subjected to the bitterest persecution conceivable. It was all well enough to hold theories about the equal rights of all mankind; well enough to abuse the institution of slavery in Virginia, in South Carolina, in Georgia, or in Louisiana; but to actually start 'a nigger school' in Canterbury, Massachusetts, was monstrous."

In his preface he expresses his confidence that "history will establish" the substance of what he has written and published. We venture to suggest to him that all the points which we have mentioned thus far will bear re-investigation, whether they are alleged on traditional or historical grounds. In particular, we remind him that Canterbury, to which he alludes, might as well be located by him in England as in Massachusetts, because it is in Connecticut, and all the events upon which he expends his knowledge (?) and sarcasm (?) occurred in Connecticut.

He agrees with ZION'S HERALD and with specialists North and South, who are familiar with the facts, in admitting the seriousness of the Negro problem. It is "ever-present, ever-menacing, ever-growing. It is today the most portentous as the most dangerous problem which confronts the American people. . . . Upon its correct solution depend the progress and the security, if not the very existence, of the American people." He also inclines to our view when he affirms that the North and the South are as widely divided as to the solution of the question as they were twenty-five years ago. He credits the Negro with having behaved well "in the main," but affirms that "the negro becomes more assertive, the white becomes more firm." He admits that politically the Negro has steadily remained the ally of the party which gave him the ballot, but does not account for the failure of the Negro's party to be in power where Negroes have been in the majority, in Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina. Like other Southerners, he berates the freedmen and their children because they have not produced geniuses, statesmen, leaders in the professional classes, in spite of slavery and in one generation of freedom. The coolness of such accusations is refreshing for tropical climates and summer days. The reconstruction era receives unmeasured condemnation: "The eight years of negro domination in the South cost the South more than the entire cost of the war, inclusive of the loss of values in slave property." To be complete, this statement needs to be supplemented now by the figures relating to the frauds and exiles of Southern State treasurers and administrations, not from 1868 to 1876, but from 1876 to 1892.

Mr. Page's claims of what the Southern States have done to educate the Negro, are distorted or exaggerated. For example, he says that "there is not now a negro under forty years old who has not had the opportunity to receive a public school education." In the last analysis he is without hope. The Negro in the cities is improving, because of his contact with the whites; but in the country is not improving.

A pessimist concerning the Negro our lecturer to the South and the North remains, in spite of himself. "The negro race in America will eventually disappear, not in a generation or a century—it may take several centuries." On the contrary, we believe that our imported, Americanized, and to-be-Christianized Ethiopian will not stretch out his hands unto God in vain; that there is Christianity enough in the churches, Samaritanism enough in the American whites, to save him from perishing, and to make of him what the South has denied to be a possibility—one of nature's noble races of men. Opportunity and time are all that are needed, for he has ambitions and latent powers which will enable him to rise in the world, even though he may not reach an equal height with the white man.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

MON. NEAL DOW.

Half the labor expended in temperance work in the United Kingdom were bestowed upon it in this country, the liquor traffic would be speedily driven out. There are many great temperance associations there which bestow a great deal of able and persistent work upon the matter, and spend a great deal of money in it; and do, in fact, make a strong impression upon public opinion and much progress toward the end they have in view. But still there is the English mind to be moved, and that "does not kindly entertain new questions." It was the London Times which said that, twenty years ago, in relation to this question: "The English mind does not kindly entertain new questions."

The chief of these societies is the

United Kingdom Alliance.

Str. Wilfred Lawson, Baronet, M. P., president, whose purpose is "the immediate, legal prohibition of the liquor traffic." It maintains many able men constantly in the field, whose sole work is the education of public opinion upon the question of the relation of the liquor traffic to the public good. No one who has not been in England and largely in contact with the people, can understand how difficult it is to move the English mind upon any new question, especially upon that of total abstinence and prohibition. The daily and habitual use of intoxicating liquors is common, almost universal, in all classes of society. Such people cannot understand why opposition should be made to a custom and habit from which so much real comfort is derived. I was the guest of a very able and prominent public man in that country at his elegant suburban residence. There had been a pleasant dinner with twenty guests, and at 10 o'clock, in preparation for bed, my host ordered hot whiskey punch, as always, and asked me to share it with him, which I declined to do. "Oh," he said, "I do not see how any one can live without it." That word fairly represents the status of the drink and the drink habit in most respectable society in England and among the upper classes generally. There are, however, a great many individual exceptions to this—a great many abstainers; but they are, I fear, in a small, though an increasing and influential, minority.

Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons: "We have suffered more in our time from temperance than from war, pestilence and famine combined—those three great scourges of mankind." But, for all that, there is no man in England who has done so much as he to multiply facilities for intoxication and to increase the influence of public temptations to it. His last endeavor in that direction was a persistent effort to pass through Parliament an act to permit railway trains to attach a drinking-car. In this effort he was beaten in the most humiliating manner, having only about twenty votes on his side; but he intimated that he would not abandon that plan.

Besides the United Kingdom Alliance there are many other large and influential temperance societies which are constantly at work with many agents always in the field, spending a great deal of money in it, and all of them exerting a wide influence for good. I will not mention these individually lest I should omit some unintentionally, which I would be sorry to do.

The annual meetings of all these societies are very great affairs, being held in the largest halls in the kingdom, and always crowded with delegates from every part of the country, and by throngs of people from all the surrounding towns. In preparation for these, on the Sunday before, a great many temperance sermons are preached from pulpits of all denominations but one. In that way public attention is called to the temperance agitation, and a wide interest is awakened in the public mind, immense audiences being attracted to the meetings. I have attended five of these annual meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance, in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and many such of other societies in different parts of the kingdom, and have seen and heard at them some of the most able and prominent men in the country. It was at one of these meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance that I heard Cardinal Manning at his first appearance on a temperance platform, where he gave in his full adhesion to the Alliance movement. He said: "I do not know that this is the wisest and best method of dealing with the tremendous evil of intemperance (the immediate, total suppression of the liquor traffic). I hold myself at liberty to lend my aid to any wiser and better movement for that purpose if any such shall offer; but none has yet been proposed which commends itself so much as this to my judgment, and therefore I go for this." That appearance and that speech upon a temperance and prohibition platform was a great help to the movement throughout the country.

There are now in the kingdom a great many clergymen of all denominations who have not only become teetotalers, but are active and very efficient workers in the cause. These are among the ablest men in the country. I cannot give their names because you cannot spare me a column of your paper for that purpose even if I could remember them all; but the English mind does not kindly entertain new questions," and so the work must go on many years before the nation will be delivered from the curse of drink, the extent and horror of which in that country cannot be conceived by any one who has not seen its worst phases.

A great many intelligent Englishmen and even clergymen cannot see why they should

Abandon the Drink Habit

—such a source of gratification and pleasure as it is to them—simply as a matter of example, of Christian duty. "Why should we," they say, "relinquish a practice which is a great pleasure to us, simply because there are others to whom it is a mischief; without the result of misery, wretchedness and ruin? Why should we abstain from pork or fish or game because others cannot take them without a violent fit of indigestion? Let such persons abstain."

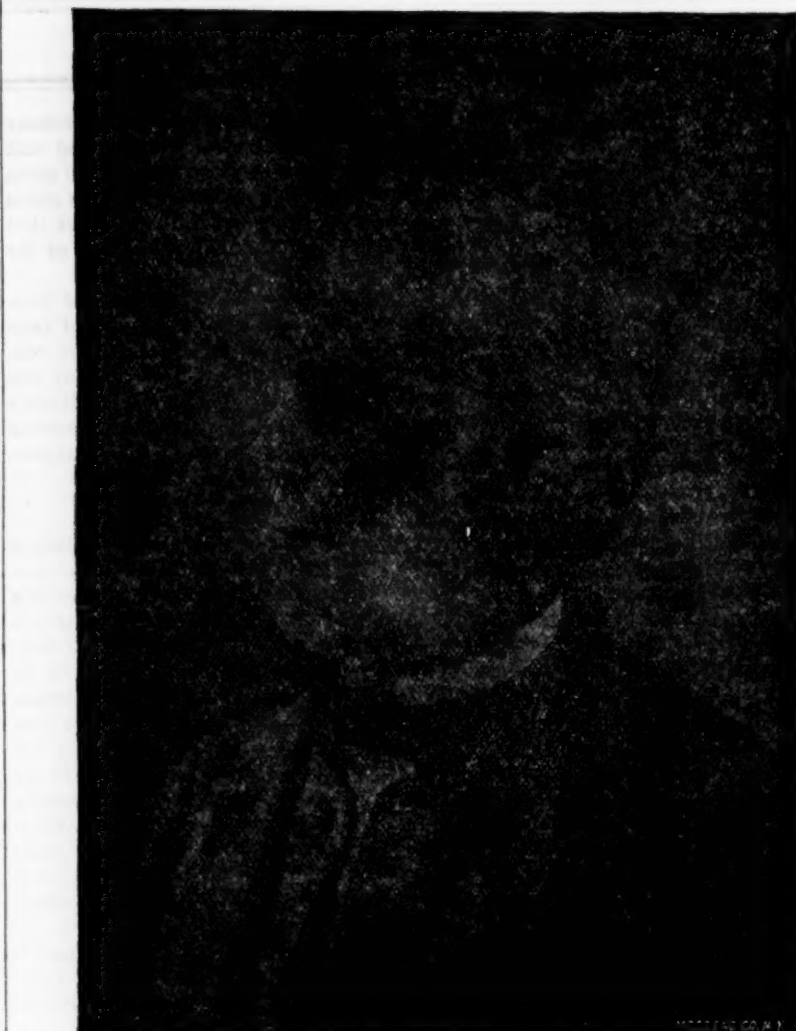
I met a stranger one day in a railway car, there being only he and I in the carriage. He knew me, and immediately commenced a talk about the Alliance plan of stopping the

liquor traffic by law. He had heard me, he said, at Guildhall (London) the evening before, and was interested, but did not at all agree with what was said.

"Do you believe," he continued, "that to take a glass of wine is a sin?"

"We say nothing about that; but this is our view: Every intelligent Englishman must know the horrors existing in this country as the result of drink—the poverty and

terrible signs that it will be a great force in the war against the British grog shop. Indeed, it has already become so. Under the lead of Lady Henry Somerset, the Countess Carlisle, and many other earnest and able workers, it will soon become in the United Kingdom what the American National W. C. T. U. has become in this country under the leadership of Frances E. Willard. Without the W. C. T. U. our warfare against the



Gen. Neal Dow,  
"Father of the Maine Law."

pauperism, the wretchedness and crime, the abject degradation coming from it to a very large class of people. He must know that all this comes from the drinking habits of the country, and that these habits are upheld and perpetuated by the example of the better classes of society. For such a man to lend the influence of his example to uphold habits and customs from which come all this misery, wretchedness and ruin for time and eternity, to him it is a deadly sin."

My interlocutor made no reply to that, but ran off to attack the proposition for the suppression of the public houses (English for grog-shops). He said: "It will be a long time before Englishmen can be persuaded to accept your proposition to suppress the liquor traffic; they will never consent to such tyranny as that."

"What is there tyrannical about that?"

"The government has no more right to prohibit the liquor trade than the trade in sugar, tea and coffee, and I am sure the people will not submit to it."

"You forget that in this country, as in mine, it is public opinion that governs. A prohibitory law here could not be enacted except on demand of a strong public opinion, a majority of the people in favor of it; in that case the minority would accept such legislation on this matter as they do on all others."

"No, this case is different from all others; it proposes to prescribe that a great mass of our people shall not drink a thing to which they are very much attached and which they will not forego."

"I suppose in this country, as in mine, the general welfare is to be considered and provided for by the government; and in every case where the public good may clearly require it, personal tastes, inclinations and interests must yield. This whole question of licensing or prohibiting public houses is one of public policy, and like every other must be determined only by considerations of the public good. To-day in this country about one person in every two hundred is licensed to sell liquor, and every person not licensed is forbidden under heavy penalties. Suppose public opinion should decide that such a number is twice too large. Would there be any breach of what you call your constitution if the government should reduce the number by one-half? And if by one-half, why not by three-fourths? And if public opinion were firmly settled that the public-house in whatever number is bad, only bad, and very bad, where is the tyranny in saying that by statute, and providing protection from it by law?"

"The difference is this: that in such a case the government would be interfering in the matter of personal and private habits, and prescribing, if not what people shall drink, what they shall not drink, and that is clearly a case of arbitrary and despotic interference in personal and private affairs."

"But we say not a word about forbidding people to drink alcohol; we propose only to forbid their sale, as inconsistent with the public good. If those who wish to drink intoxicants can devise some way in which they can procure them that is consistent with the general welfare, we do not object and cannot object; the public-house is a great public evil, an intolerable public nuisance, inflicting more mischief upon the public than all other sources of mischief combined. We propose that this great evil shall not continue for the convenience of the drinkers while we have to pay the very heavy bills and suffer the intolerable burdens imposed upon us thereby. We are constantly at work upon public opinion, and when we have it thoroughly on our side, we propose that the law shall reflect that opinion and deliver the country from the terrible evils coming from the liquor traffic."

My interlocutor made no reply. I learned afterwards that he was a member of the Established Church, an educated, accomplished gentleman.

The Women's Movement

In behalf of the temperance cause is of recent origin in England, and already gives unmistakable signs that it will be a great force in the war against the British grog shop. Indeed, it has already become so. Under the lead of Lady Henry Somerset, the Countess Carlisle, and many other earnest and able workers, it will soon become in the United Kingdom what the American National W. C. T. U. has become in this country under the leadership of Frances E. Willard. Without the W. C. T. U. our warfare against the

saloon would be deprived of half its force.

There will be woman suffrage in this country by and by, as there will be also in England. When that day comes, the grog-shop will go. All the bad men in this country see this, and oppose the movement; as many good men—intelligent men also—do, though for a different reason. There has never yet been any proposal for a moral, political, or other reform, that was not antagonized by many of the best men in the community, while the mass of the force on that side was composed of different material. But for all that, the evil has been driven out and the good brought in, as it certainly will be in this case, and in a future much nearer than many people suppose.

## THE GIFT OF POWER—HOW CONDITIONED.

REV. M. C. BRIDGES, D. D.

"YE shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." So spake the Master.

Most Christians believe that, above what we may reverently call the ordinary offices of the Holy Spirit, He comes by special grace as the Gift of Power. Most Christians believe it, yet many live without it!

"Power is the thing that does it." The definition is cut and true.

There are instruments of influence which it is a convenience of long usage to call power. Thus we have the

Power of Speech.

capable of varied uses. A word sends a thrill of pleasure or a twinge of agony through nerve and brain and heart. A word makes war or peace; stains the robe of innocence or brightens the sky of despair; turns hellward or heavenward unwary feet. Speech is the index of character. "How can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

If we would have the Gift of Power, this tremendous instrument of speech must be faithfully used. The Spirit will not come as a Gift of Power to insincere, unearnest hearts and frivolous tongues.

The Power of Social Contact

is another of the trusts on the faithful use of which the great Gift is conditioned. The glance of the eye, the general bearing, the ready sympathy, the rebuking look, the teaching silence, the earnest neighborliness, the unostentatious self-forgetfulness, the quiet living for others, the utter absence of the spirit of caste, are among the goings-forth of truth in the inward parts, as silent and penetrating as sunbeams. A soundly healthful character exerts a beneficent influence as naturally and necessarily as roses breathe fragrance. This is another trust, the betrayal of which is fatal to our quest of the Gift. A clean heart bears wholesome social fruit, and is the grand secret of effective social Christianity.

This grand secret will prevail

When all the [theological] doctors' opiates fail."

Theological University

falls under the same course of reasoning. Business opens many avenues of approach to men's consciences. A man of capacity and energy, who withal is Christianly honest, is a live Gospel in all languages. Life must touch life in the commerce of civilization, and every touch will be for good or for ill. Let me give an instance by way of comparing great things with small. A man of my acquaintance bought a horse. The buyer had never seen it, and the seller had not seen it since it was six months old. When the horse came to hand, it proved a much better animal

than the purchaser anticipated. After testing its qualities, the buyer went to the other party with as much more money as the first price. The seller remonstrated, said a trade was a trade, and so on, and reported the case to his friends as a clear instance of an unpractical conscience. A few months later the seller fell sick and came to death's door. The pastor of his family was a good and able man, but he sent for the man whose new standard of honesty had excited his meriment, to pray beside his dying-bed. Christian honesty is a tremendous weapon. A Christianly honest man will pay his employees, not what their necessities compel them to accept, nor what industrial and commercial usages justify, but what is right in the eye of the Supreme Judge. His law is above the statute-book. Sweating processes, keeping back the hiring's wages, exacting oppressive interest, and all other earthly, sensual, and devilish arts, he looks upon with loathing, and does to others as he would candidly think others ought to do to him if positions were reversed.

## The Power of Money

is another of God's testing trusts. Money is a wonder-worker. In the hand of greed it is corroded with poisonous rust. Let beneficence touch it, and the cold coin melts into medicine for the sick, bread for the hungry, help for the helpless, a roof over the widow's head, light for those who perish for lack of vision. Money will bless or curse. He who is faithful in the use of the unrighteous mammon, and he only, will receive the true riches. He only can receive the endowment of Power. As well attempt to pluck stars from the sky as to obtain the Spirit of Power without the constant and conscientious employment of all these instruments of influence. And to the last-named we may add music, eloquence, learning, art, station, and the full catalogue of the means at our command. All fall under the same high demand. The Spirit of Power works through the man and all his faculties and appurtenances, and any part of the price kept back is a lie to the Holy Ghost and a bar to His effectual working.

Do not our prayer-meetings echo with prayers for the Spirit—prayers empty, meaningless, mocking? And, brothers in the ministry, do we not often at preachers' meetings repeat the stereotyped petition, only to rise from our knees and launch forth into "foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient," and which grieve the Holy Ghost?

Truth in the inward parts, absolute surrender, whole-souled devotion, must characterize the life of those with whom the Gift of Power will abide.

In proportion to numbers and appliances, Methodism is making nothing like the gains of early years. Yet God has not changed, the Gospel has not changed, human nature has not changed, sin has not changed, hell has not changed. We wink at the invasions of the worldly-social till the spiritually-social languishes. We encourage the foolish error that religion is convenient to die by, but the world's childish amusements are the things to live by. We embolden the flatterer to twaddle about the necessity of amusements to keep our young people; and they illustrate the legitimate effect by being to the theatre, the dance, and the devil. We bait our hook for "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God," and Diabolus strings the fish. We "chase the squirrel" in full socials, and sigh and shiver in this cold prayer-meeting, and wait for evangelists, and die.

There is no difficulty in drawing young people when the Spirit of Power is poured out. There is no difficulty in keeping young people when they are soundly regenerated in a soundly regenerate church whose members are "all at it and always at it." The attraction of frivolity draws to the meeting-house; the power of the Cross draws to Christ and the true church. Methodism has enough of men and means to set the world on fire. But add the Gift of Power to her ministry and membership, and with her sister denominations in the Holy Catholic Church, she will "set the kingdoms in a blaze."

## THE CHRISTIAN'S SABBATH DAY AND ITS PERILS.

REV. J. W. HAMILTON, D. D.

THE following address was delivered at the mass meeting held in the interest of Sabbath Observance during the General Conference:

The Christian's Sabbath day is the Lord's day. There is a very wide difference between the Levitical Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath. That difference is described by the difference between the Law and the Gospel. The distinguishing element of the one is power, force, compulsion; that of the other, love, invitation, persuasion. The Lord's day is a Christian institution and not a mere moralistic or a sinners' Sabbath. The Lord's day is a day unto the Lord. It is no more possible for a person to observe in a perfunctory or simply ceremonial way the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, than for such an one to keep in like manner the Lord's day. The proper observance of the Christian's Sabbath is an act of worship; it is a religious duty. It was written in the Virginia bill of rights that "religion, or the duty we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be dictated only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence." The duty to observe the Lord's day must, then, be a voluntary one; it must be with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart as unto Christ—"not with eye-service as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart; with good-will doing service as to the Lord and not to men."

It does not follow, however, that the State sustains no relations to the Lord's day, and that we have no duties as good citizens to the Christian's Sabbath. It is true that we cannot compel persons to keep the Lord's day by law, but we can compel them by law to permit all the disciples of the Lord to be in the Spirit undisturbed on the Lord's day.

Moreover, there is a duty of the State itself to the Lord's day. We cannot forget that the State is made up of the people, and that it is not some abstract conception of organization or law; it is a moral person having both responsibilities and duties. It is justly entitled both to rights and privileges. Self-protection is its first law of being. Having the rights of self-protection, it has power over all things which contribute to its protection. Chief Justice Story has said: "It yet remains a problem to be solved in human affairs, whether any free government can be permanent where the public worship of God and the support of religion constitute so part of the policy of the State in any assignable shape. The future experience of Christendom, and chiefly of the American States, must settle this problem as yet new in the history of the world, abundant as it has been in experiments in the theory of government."

In the first great instance in human affairs where both

civil and ecclesiastical liberty are on trial before the world, it is no part of the duty of the State to say,

"You shall and you shall not."

"You will be damned if you do."

"And you'll be damned if you don't."

but it is every part of its duty to compel its citizens to respect all its rights which are ordained of God. The State, therefore, may set apart a day for the respectful observance of God's claim on all nations and men. And while it may not be in the power of the State to compel persons to observe the day, it is in its power to compel all persons to allow the State to observe the day.

The two elements of worship and rest which belong to the Sabbath that was made for man, are the two elements of beauty, grace and strength which have contributed to make the inimitable history of the American Lord's day.

Now, the evils which threaten it are to be found, (1) in the love of money; (2) in the consequent love of luxurious indulgence and selfish dissipation; (3) in the incoming alien civilizations which threaten American institutions.

1. Love of money is indeed the root of all evil. Men will barter for gain when the trade may involve the bodies of men or the souls of men. If there were more money to be made in poisoning the citizens of Omaha than in persuading people to come here to live, there are persons residing in the city, even with the fear of the law before their eyes, who would beg the business to-day. I have never indulged in a tirade from the pulpit against the Sunday newspaper; but there are irresistible arguments to be urged against the making and sale of such papers, which the proprietors of the papers would be the very first to urge against similar grants of special privilege to other lines of business. If every bookstore in the city were given the right to open its doors for the sale of books on the Lord's day, but the publishers of Sunday newspapers were forbidden to print or sell on the same day, how soon they would cry out, and justly so: "Class legislation!" What right has one branch of business to the profits of seven days' sales, when all other branches are permitted only six? It is the dollar which is at the bottom of all the Sunday-newspaper business. The most profitable day in the week to the newspaper publisher is Sunday. It is not equitable to require that all business must respect American institutions or be suppressed.

2. Riches that are expended on Sunday in riotous living humiliate the Lord's day because they are a law unto themselves. All dissipation is the scandal of selfishness. It is the enemy of patriotism; it is treason. The saloon-keeper and the patron of the saloon are Anarchists. Good government cannot shelter Anarchists, but it must extirpate them. Luxury is the danger-point of selfishness, and selfishness once put in ruin in heaven.

3. Lastly, we are akin with all the world. The people went apart at the Tower of Babel; but they are coming together again in these United States. We may welcome them if they come without crime, and not to make us foreigners in our own homes. But when persons inimical to all good come to us and threaten our churches, schools, homes, we have but a single duty—and that is to "Put none but Americans on guard." It is for the good of the people and all the people we strive; we are not building cities and towns with all public improvements for our best work. We must build the men who build the cities. With them and for them we live and work. That is our first work, last work, all work; and work done that lasts through the week of time and the dissolving of this strange universe. "He that doeth the will of the Lord abideth forever."

## THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

MENTION has already been made of the remarkable meeting held at Omaha in the interest of this institution. We subjoin such parts of the eloquent addresses as we are able to give space to in our columns.

Bishop Hurst.

We have gathered here for Christian education in the highest and broadest, most Christian, most Methodist sense. I am very thankful that we have here so many educators. A church whose origin dates back to the educational life of John Wesley, of Oxford, standing with the Word of God in his right hand, and a basket of bread for prisoners on his left arm, is a fitting type, for all time, of the impulses and the spirit and the aspiration of the Methodist heart and mind. It is difficult to tell just where a great thought begins, but it is safe to say, I think, that no one living in Washington at this time, no one who sees from his home the top of Washington monument, or the lower reaches of the Potomac, is responsible for this idea. There is a member of this General Conference, getting quite venerable, who, many years ago, wrote a letter as a young man to Bishop Simpson, begging him to see the opportunity for our great church in that place. Bishop Simpson was contemplating removing to Washington, that he might in some way or other promote such an enterprise. Bishop Newman is going to tell us of the genesis of the American University. I think the genesis lies away back in the purpose of God. But he is going to tell us something of the historical Methodist genesis. He would not tell you about his part in it, which is a great one.

In 1872 he and Dr. E. O. Haven, secretary of our Board of Education, and Bishop Ames went to Washington to select a site. Dr. Newman was a resident there at that time, and the other two met to select a site for a great university, national, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Ames said to Dr. Newman (our present Bishop Newman, of whom Omaha and the church and the country have great reason to be proud and thankful): "Dr. Newman, suppose you go out and raise the money." Well, the church was not ready for it then. The Metropolitan Church was a double handful for even Dr. Newman, with its burden. The sentiment of the church was not ready. It was only after the man who had resigned a thousand years on the bank of the Tiber thought he might begin another thousand on the bank of the Potomac, that the sentiment of the Methodist Episcopal Church was concentrated, and I may say was consecrated, for the sublime purpose of planting there a Protestant influence which should reach around the world to the end of time.

Bishop Newman.

Great thoughts never die. The American University had its genesis in George Washington. His great patriotism, Hamilton, great as scholar, statesman and orator, young and brilliant, drafted a comprehensive plan for national education with its controlling institution in the city of Washington; at once the source of authority and the power of direction for all institutions of learning from the primary department to a well-equipped university for original investigation and for professional study. Both Washington and Hamilton conceived the idea that the highest intelligence is indispensable to the safety and perpetuity of the republic; and, believing in this, they sought to lay plans for the consummation of such a desirable end—and to be sanctified by virtue born of Christianity. But the proposition excited contention. The cry of centralization vexed the very skies of the republic, and the jealousy incident to the rule of state rights compelled Washington and Hamilton to delay the consummation of their wise and beneficent purposes.

A hundred years have passed, but during that century the thought of an American University has been conspicuous in the teaching of the great jurists and statesmen of the past, and has been really the thought of those master minds, Jay and Kent and Story, and in our own days, of the scholarly Sumner and that great jurist of Vermont, Edmunds. This thought did not die with them, for it is said that an Englishman walking through the streets of New York some forty years ago, thought of the same great idea, and you will not be surprised if I tell you that that Englishman is William Arthur, whose name is great in this hemisphere. Like a

vision of beauty this thought rose up before the imagination of our own Simpson, and was expressed by that greatest of ecclesiastical statesmen, Ames; but these died without the sight, but did not die without faith. They saw the promise from afar, but God ordained that others should consummate the glorious work, and that perfection should be, not of the past or present, but the future. So our illustrious Chancellor, who is here to-day, it is the best of company. It is not a vagary; it is not a wild notion or a momentary fancy even of a scholarly man, but around him to-day are the shades of these great statesmen and scholars, and he is simply thinking their thoughts and aiming to consummate their glorious plans. Providence ordains the times and seasons according to an infinite wisdom, and raises up men to accomplish the exalted purposes of Jehovah.

Educated carefully at home and abroad, with an imagination that frescoed the future with the actualities of the present, endowed with the rare power of organization to prepare great plans for the coming generations, it comes to us more and more that in the roll of the centuries, in the ordering of time, God Almighty, the God of our fathers, has selected Bishop Hurst to lay the foundations of the American University for American Methodism.

Bishop Fowler.

The Duke of Monmouth, on account of his assumption of royal prerogative, was beheaded by England's king. Years afterward simple people were found in the remotest parts of the island who carried their right hand carefully wrapped, and refused to use it in any of the common occupations or salutations of life, saying: "Oh, no, I cannot put that hand to common use. It has grasped the hand of King Monmouth." So to-day, I come to myself like one of those simple folk from the remotest frontiers of the church, who years ago grasped the royal hand of the University, and since have felt that most of their lives were common and unclean. The University was before me a royal figure, and I am loath to look elsewhere for the sceptre and the crown.

Reading, thinking, planning, speculating on all subjects, investigating, questioning, are the common occupations of the great majority. Think of the printed pages that would carpet every street and highway in all lands every month in the year. Count the hundreds of thousands of libraries, public and private, with literally tens of millions of volumes within hand reach of our great people. Enumerate the common schools that stand like endless armies of veterans around every city and town and hamlet. Passing up and down these long lines, you can see the high schools, and academies, and seminaries, and colleges, the line officers who dress up and direct and inspire these vast hosts; while here and there, on the summits of society, stand the great commanders, the universities, who plan the campaign and lead the orders for moving upward and forward.

In wandering about the East I touched these spots of earth that, like telescopes, opened new worlds before my enraptured vision. The first was in Bethlehem, where the Son of Man came into the world for our redemption. As I looked at the silver star that veneration has set in the floor of the grotto to mark the spot where Jesus was born, the low roof of the grotto opened above me and I saw a path of light lead the way up to the throne of God. I shall not soon forget that hour.

The second was on the old cement highway built by the Romans from Damascus toward Jerusalem. There it stands, solid as a single rock, four or five feet high, stretching across the plain. The wind and waters of twenty centuries have carved away the adjoining soil. As I stood where they say St. Paul was smitten down, and saw by the contour of the country that I was near the place where he fell, I heard the voice saying, "Behold, I send you far hence to the Gentiles." Then my heart leaped within me and I choked with the thought. There is where we found our chance as Gentiles. Here the gates of the eternal city outward swung to let us in.

The third spot was yonder in Greece. We came down from the Acropolis of Athens, walked across the little valley that separates it from Mars Hill, and made our way up the broken and dim steps cut in the rock that led to the seat of the court of Areopagus. I could hardly catch my breath. Close at hand, rising to the left, was the Parthenon, the pride of Pericles, of Phidias, of Socrates, of Plato—the pride of Athens, of Greece, of all the ages. Yonder, at the foot of the Acropolis, was the theatre of Sophocles Aescalus, where the excited Athenians listened to the play of Eliphas Tyrannus. Away beyond on the plain were the majestic columns of the temple of Jupiter Maximus, some fallen, some still standing. Away in front of me in the middle square was the old Pentelicon quarry from which came the marble for the Parthenon. A little to the right rises Mt. Hyettus, where Greek boys gather the world's sweetest honey of which Horace sang. Still farther to the right and not far away beyond the Agora, where once stood the statues of heroes and of gods, is the same old stone platform on which Demosthenes stood when he delivered his great oration against Philip. And yonder on the hillside you see a dark opening cut in the rock. That is where dear old Socrates spent his last night and drank the hemlock. All these places are so real and so historic and so grand here on this level space of three square miles, nearly surrounded by stone seats, is the spot where St. Paul stood and revealed the unknown God. Here he appealed, not to Moses and the prophets, but to the God who made the world and all things therein; who giveth to all life and breath; who hath made of one blood all nations, and hath appointed the bounds of their habitation. His appeal is to the great argument from nature. Here we are met on the plane of our intelligence. We are treated as rational beings. Here I had the assurance that God intended not to annihilate, but to preserve me, my whole being. I straightened up, these footsteps, at St. Paul on Mars Hill and thanked God for the manhood he had redeemed. Christianity meets every foe on his own field.

## The Old Northfield Street.

IN a little illustrated booklet sent out by Mr. Ambert S. Moody, nephew of D. L. Moody, is a series of pictures of Northfield and its surroundings, which are wonderfully seductive and enticing for those shut in with city walls. Thus would the author woo the public to the grand summer gatherings held in that village, and which are annually anticipated by a host. Each summer the attractions of that charming New England village increase, as the drives and rides in the region around about become better known. Although Mr. Moody is still abroad, he has arranged for the World's Convocation of College Students from July 2 to 13, and for the Tenth General Conference of Christian Workers from August 4 to 15. Eminent speakers from this and other lands will occupy the platform daily. Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., will conduct the latter, and J. R. Mott, College Y. M. C. A. secretary, the former. Messrs. Sankey, Stebbins and others will lead the singing as usual. Among noted names who will be present to speak, we mention Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Rev. A. F. Schaeffer, Major D. W. Whittle, Mr. L. V. Whistler, from the East, where Mr. Moody has been for four years. Rev. Wilton Mercer Smith, of New York, President Gates, of Amherst, and others.

To those who spend the summer vacation in Northfield, we would say that between the two conferences several sessions will be held each week by some prominent minister. The Hotel Northfield has been enlarged, new buildings have been erected in the village, and its hospitable people cheerfully open their doors to all who desire a most congenial opportunity for hunting and fishing are found among the extensive hills and forests and in the mountain streams back of Northfield. We cannot ask for the readers of Zion's Herald a more delightful place for a vacation than Northfield. S. E. B.

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## The Family.

## THE POET'S SONGS.

LILLIAN GREY.

A singer sang a song;  
Men listened — and forgot;  
The song was glad and gay, and yet  
It soothed not one sad lot.

He sang of life and love,  
Of heavy mirth and joy,  
Of false visions, pleasures, youth,  
And bliss without alloy.

The singer grieved to know  
His song had lived an hour;  
He longed the hearts of men to touch,  
And make them own his power.

Misfortune sought him then,  
Sickness his foe became,  
Death robbed him more; no more he sang,  
Nor even dreamed of fame.

He drank grim sorrow's cup  
Unto the dregs, and then  
Maimed, broken, baffled, in the depths,  
He strung his lyre again.

He sang of grief and pain,  
Of meekness, patience, trust,  
He sang from out his stricken heart,  
He sang because he must.

He sang of sympathy,  
Of kindness, faith and prayer,  
And so he reached his fellow-men  
And blessed them unaware.

The song was true and sweet;  
Men heard, and ne'er forgot;  
It touched their warm and living hearts,  
And cheered each troubled lot.

The singer learned his art  
In suffering's furnace heat,  
Where his poor heart for other hearts  
In love began to beat.

His song will never die,  
For, sealed with chrism of tears,  
He sent it forth to sweetly ring  
Through all the coming years.

## A STRIKE.

Hushed the hammer and mallet,  
Hushed the pick and the drill;  
The work and the wage of the quarries  
Stopped by a word at will.

Men with a grin and a brow;  
Written on lip and brow;  
Yesterday, all was action,  
Silence and waiting now.

Vessels lying at anchor,  
Loaded with stone rough hewn;  
Silence brooding above them,  
Silence, with curses strewn.

The strong arm limp and nerveless,  
The full pail like the lean;  
Somewhere, God knows, a blunder,  
As the angels watch unseen.

The angels watch and wonder,  
And the woman who feels them near,  
Ponders the strange condition  
With pulses that beat with fear.

The wrong and the right about it  
Are strangely mixed in her mind,  
For she rests her faith on the God above,  
And not on a false wind.

And over and over she murmurs,  
Fondling late and soon,  
The terrible strike, it must fall alike  
On the babes whom the mothers croon,  
And on women heavy-hearted,  
From the hearth who never roam;  
Whatever the men do, surely,  
It's hard on the women at home.

Women who face the future,  
And bearken to phrases glib,  
With the thought of an empty cupboard,  
And a man from the baby's crib.  
Oh! the tools of labor, idle,  
And rusting in desolate sheds,  
Mean grief to the women's children,  
From the day that the hammer drops.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

## MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,  
And these the boundaries I trace:  
Northward her forehead fair;  
Beyond, a wilderness of auburn hair;  
A rosy cheek to east and west;  
Her little mouth;  
The sunny south.

It is the south that I love best.  
Her eyes, two crystal lakes,  
Rippling with light,  
Caught from the sun by day,  
The stars by night.  
The dimples in  
Her cheeks are chin  
Are smokes which love hath set,  
And I have fallen in!

—JOHN ALLAN WYETH, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

He who is faithful over a few things is a lord of cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey, or teach a ragged class, — you may be faithful. The faithfulness is all. — George MacDonald.

The dew distills in silence. So does the speech of our God. Most frequently in the silence of trust. In that stillness God's silent love can be condensed into dew-like communications; not read, not heard, but made known by the direct power of the Spirit upon the soul. — Frances Ridley Havergal.

"Oh," you say, "I am such a little plant; I do not grow well; I do not put forth as much leafage nor are there so many flowers on me as on many round about me." It is quite right that you should think little of yourself; perhaps to droop your head is a part of your beauty; many flowers had not been half so lovely if they had not practiced the art of hanging their heads. But "supposing Him to be the gardener," then He is as much a gardener to you as He is to the most lordly palm in the whole domain. In the Mentone garden right before me grows the orange and the aloë, and others of the finer and more noticeable plants; but on the wall to my left grow common wall flowers and saxifrage and tiny herbs such as we find on our own rocky places. Now the gardener has cared for all of them, little as well as great; in fact, there were hundreds of specimens of the most insignificant growths all duly labeled and described. The smallest saxifrage will say: "He is my gardener just as surely as he is the gardener of the Gloire de Dijon, or the Marchioness." O feeble child of God, the Lord taketh care of you! — Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Put down thy sword!" said Pain.  
"Lo! my keen blade can smile through sin and nerve!"  
Follow me captive, at my bidding serve,  
And spare the conflict vain."

"Nay, sword in hand I fall, —  
If fall I must, for surely might it be  
That I should wrest thy secret strength from thee,  
Dare I but venture all!"

All night the battle raged;  
But when the dawn light grew again,  
The man went forth a conqueror, while Pain  
Followed with broken blade.

Sympathy with others is limited by our personal experience. We cannot understand the sufferings, the losses, the trials, the fears, or the joys of another, if we have never experienced the same thing ourselves. We can have pity for one who seems to be in an agony of pain, even though we have never

been called to endure such pain ourselves; but only as we have experienced pain can we truly sympathize with one in pain. And so with every phase of human feeling. Can we wonder, then, that God permits us to have varied experiences of joy and of sorrow, in order that we may in all sincerity rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep? There are trials from a sensitive nature that only one of like sensitiveness can really understand and appreciate; hence he whose extreme sensitiveness is a cause of constant trial to him, is qualified by that very sensitiveness to be a minister of sympathy and help to those who would otherwise be without a sympathetic helper. It is not always for our sakes, but often for the sake of others, that we are called to a life of trial or of unsatisfied longings. — S. S. Times.

In the tropics, we are told, the raging storms have a patch of clear blue sky over the central calm, and poets call this "the whirlwind's heart of peace." But the quietude means dread and danger to the mariner, for no wind moves the sailing ship, yet the blast around drives in heavy, troublous billows; the sailor would fain avoid that perilous centre. There is no false peace in the calm the Christian knows even at the whirlwind time. There are seasons when it seems to us the Lord thundereth in the heavens, and the Highest gives forth His voice in terror and in wrath; but higher than the storms our vision must look, even to our Father's face, which is love and rest and protection. On the Rock of our salvation let us abide till the storm pass by and forevermore; here is security for our feeble steps, and here the Lord giveth quietness. "He standeth very tottering," says Thomas à Kempis, "who casteth not all his cares upon Thee;" but the life that rolls its every burden on the Lord, and in thankful prayer makes its requests known unto Him, has found the sure foundation whereon to rest and dwell, while the waters of floods are out, and the winds of trouble are sighing round about. Standing on the heights above the storm, O believing, loving souls, you gather strength and courage as you survey the spreading prospect; you see the way you have come, the past scenes wherein you have been helped and delivered. — M. S. HAYCRAFT, in *Quiver*.

## A GREAT APPOINTMENT.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANT.

## Chapter X.

## The Summer Harvest.

"I HAVE but one fear concerning this waiting on the hotel table," Wilbur said one day late in June. "This is our harvest time. The four months during which the hotel is open, is our opportunity to win the most souls. We must get those who come from summer to summer to help us. I have already secured three summer members. See how the young people are flocking in. Most of them care for nothing but the hops, the billiard-room, and the wine that is served openly, although Mr. Andrews plumes himself on not keeping a bar. A hotel is a small world, representing all classes. Now, can you reach the souls of these fashionable butterflies if you serve them at the table?"

"Their souls are worth as much as those of the miners and the woodmen," answered Helen, thoughtfully. "Christ ate with the rich sinners as well as with the poor ones. But I do not doubt but that my motive will be respected, and that I shall have more influence by working for our summer guests. Let me tell you what has encouraged Anna and me lately. That pretty, light-headed, little Miss Swan said to Anna the other day, 'Miss Gray, you are always happy, and yet I know how much you have given up, and how much you loved your father.' Miss Swan used to visit friends of Anna's, and has told me what an elegant home our dear girl had, and how her father fairly idolized her. Miss Swan continued, 'I believe the secret of your happiness is that you are always busy. I'm so tired of amusing myself, I wish you would give me some work to do.' 'I will,' answered Anna, who always knows what people really need. 'One of our servants is sick, and I'm too busy to attend to her; the housekeeper has her hands full, for we have just received a telegram that a boat-load of excursionists will stop here for dinner. If you would give Bettie her medicine every two hours, it would be a relief to me.'"

"I know that airy little lady did not take care of a colored chamber-maid!" said Wilbur. "Indeed she did, and bathed her head with her own cologne, and had sense enough to darken the room and keep the children from running through the halls under the servants' part of the house. Then she went to Anna and said, 'Who will supply Bettie's place at table?' 'Helen and I will have to wait on her table with our own; and I have a headache, as it happens,' answered Anna. 'I'm no better than you girls. If you'll let me, I'll be delighted to take Bettie's place to-day.' Anna was so rushed she would have accepted anybody's help. We expected to have half of the work to do, for Bettie has to fairly fly, as she has some young men who make all the trouble they can. But you would have thought Miss Swan had spent her life training for a hotel waiter, and she helped Anna more than once. Of course the young men jaded her at being a waiter, and she answered, 'I'm helping the young ladies build a church to-day.' 'I suppose we are expected to tip the waiter,' said one of her devoted admirers. 'Then it will go into the meeting-house,' she answered; and the quarters came out, and Miss Swan smiled her sweetest thanks as she carried them away with the dessert plates; and, taking the two meals, she gathered nearly ten dollars for us. Wasn't that lovely in her? I think she added some herself. Bettie was able to get up the next day, and was very grateful for not losing anything by her absence; and Miss Swan said, 'Miss Gray, it wasn't as hard as dancing until two in the morning, and made over so much more happiness. It makes me feel like living for better things than I've been doing so far.'"

"If you girls have aroused one do-nothing to a desire to do something, I won't object to the table, if it does not hurt your health; and I must say I never saw you look better," said Wilbur, looking approvingly at his sister's sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. "I can return the compliment," she answered. "I don't believe hard work kills if one uses common sense and doesn't worry. Still, Anna is working too hard, for she's more spirit than dust anyway. She has organized a King's Daughters Band at the hotel, Miss Swan as leader, and for a year they are to work for our new home. How well people attend your services, and see how our young people's society has grown!"

"Every preacher ought to have some one

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by to encourage his heart as you do mine," said Wilbur. "You would rise above any difficulty, Helen. You remind me of the frog story the gentleman from Kansas City was telling yesterday at the dinner table. He said an old farmer took milk to the station each day, and he so arranged it as to have a can of rich cream every morning. He was in the habit of stopping at the brook he crossed and doctoring this cream, and one morning in the early dawn he scooped in two fine fat frogs. He shut down the lid innocently, and the first frog said, 'There is no escape from a watery grave,' so he calmly gave up and sank to the bottom. 'Not so,' said the other, 'I will conquer circumstances,' so he kicked his way to Kansas City, and when the ice-cream man opened the can, what did he see? A frog calmly sitting on a golden pat of butter he had churned with his legs! And the moral is, if we may credit the story, that even a frog can rise above circumstances."

Helen laughed enough to repay her sober brother for the effort, and then he went to his study. Mr. Benton was now preaching to crowded houses, and at first he had been tempted to prepare elaborate discourses; but after some thought and prayer, he decided that these gay summer visitors needed Christ as much as woodmen and fishermen.

Even devout Christians are tempted to succumb to the worldly atmosphere of a summer resort, and Wilbur found plenty to do. He was able to help in the afternoon Sunday-school, and at half-past six he held a beach meeting, which was very popular, and enabled him to reach the Mine for an evening service. The hill made a natural amphitheatre, and the soft splashing of the waves was a sweet accompaniment to the sound of many voices singing God's praises. If it rained, the meeting adjourned to the big pavilion overlooking the bay.

The glorious Fourth was a red-letter day in the little town.

Mr. Stirling gave his men a holiday, and they came down en masse to the village celebration. Wilbur was the orator of the day, and it is safe to say it was the proudest moment of his life when he stood on the flag-draped stand and saw the throng hanging spellbound on his eloquence. He determined to convince his foreign-born friends that there was nothing under heaven worth comparing with America. He even insinuated that the stars, looking down from their heavenly banner of blue, were less important than the stars that floated over the land of the free. He could not submit to the tame boundaries of "from Maine to the Golden Gate, and from the inland sea to the Gulf," but bounded his country — prospectively perhaps — by the North Pole and the Equator, and from the middle of the Atlantic — and there is no knowing where he would have set the western stakes, no doubt taking in Japan, but in his lofty flight he forgot the temporary nature of his foundation, and stepped upon the end of the plank, which trembled and then toppled. The barrel underpinning turned, and the orator and stand fell ingloriously together, dragging the president of the day down in the ruins. The gentlemen were soon rescued and the stage readjusted, and amid cheers and laughter the speaker arose to finish his oration.

"My friends," he said, as soon as he could be heard, "I can't remember another word of what I had prepared with great labor, sitting up half the night to commit. This shows that, instead of dragging down the stars and dancing over glittering ocean billows for high-drown language, I would better tell in every-day English why our nation has reason to rejoice while celebrating another birthday." And right well he told it, growing unconsciously eloquent, as every true patriot will when he speaks of his native land. Hearts were thrilled and inspired, and at the close, "My country, 'tis of thee," rang up to the very heavens, echoing among the wooded hills and floating far out over the answering waters.

Of course Helen told her brother how much of his success he owed to the upsetting of the barrel, and Anna smiled and had her word of sweet approval, while the men made the orator the hero of the day. Dinner was eaten on the green, but not until there was another important speech. Mr. Conner publicly gave this little grove to the town as a park, which, when acknowledged by Mr. Stirling, was named "Conner's Park."

The company separated into groups for dinner. Mr. Andrews had excused his young lady waiters, and they with the minister were Mr. Conner's guests, though he had to wait awhile, for these enterprising girls had a gasoline stove, and served hot tea and coffee, charging a trifle above expenses, which went towards the new pulpit. It was a little hard for the foreign element to relinquish their keg of beer, but Mr. Stirling provided in its stead barrels of ice water and lemonade for great and small.

"Hi can well mind how Sunday-school tea drinks on the church green in Hingham," Uncle David said, as he helped the girls pour their coffee. "Hevery fortnight the teachers gave the childrens ha treat — ha bun han' hall the beer we could drink."

"Oh, no, not beer, Uncle David!" cried Helen. "Yes, miss, hi 'ave seen little boys lay hon the grass too stupid to move hafter drinking too much hale hat a Sunday-school treat. Heach 'ad his hand her tin cup, han' brought hi up to the keg to be filled. Wasn't hi so, Sandy?"

"Yes, hin my parish too, but hi's done ha way long since, Miss. The teachers 'ad a big cake han' tea with their beer."

"You see the world is growing better, Miss Helen," Mr. Stirling said, "in spite of our anxiety about the liquor laws. No one would pass beer to children at a Sunday-school picnic now."

Just then Mr. Conner declared his dinner could not wait another moment, and Aunt Hannah came to relieve the girls and their young superintendent. Wilbur was too much in demand to think of filling tin cups and mugs with coffee.

During the noon hour the brass band, imported for the occasion, added to the general confusion, and at two o'clock the athletic sports began. There was the usual climbing the greased pole — not the orator's North Pole — running races, and the like, all highly appreciated by the children and the rougher element of society. At five o'clock came another exercise. Wilbur decided to lay the

corner-stone of his new church when the surrounding country was well represented, desiring this new temple to be dear to the hearts of all in the vicinity. Not only to be sure of a crowd, but of a good speaker, had Wilbur chosen this occasion, for there happened to be a minister of great repute, and of his own denomination, for a few days at the hotel, and Wilbur was delighted at giving his people an opportunity to hear such an eloquent speaker. Wilbur had insisted on the stranger giving the morning address; he had refused, however, but had been an interested spectator as well as hearer. Some wonderful men can be very ordinary when occasion demands, and this great orator, after a big Fourth-of-July dinner, under a burning sun, with a tired set of hearers, made only a few appropriate remarks.

But, while disappointed over this, the young preacher was rejoiced that the corner-stone of their new church home had been laid amid the rejoicings of his people.

There was some rowing and sailing after this, for those who did not have the opportunity every day, before the fire works of the evening.

"The young men who planned this successful celebration have shown the real American spirit," the great divine said, as he rested on the hotel veranda after his labors. "That is, to work as hard as possible to get recreation. These working people try to have enough sport in one day to work a year on. It makes me think of a hard-working, stern old father, who decided that his son must have some fun. So he took him to see a base-ball game, and said sharply, 'Now, Tom, my son, you go to work and enjoy yourself, or I'll know the reason why!'"

Mr. Stirling had gone home with Wilbur, whither Helen had preceded them for a needed rest. She had a whole day's vacation from the hotel, and it seemed very delightful to sit again at their own little table for an evening meal. Wilbur had insisted on getting supper, to show how well he fared in Helen's absence, and Helen was so thankful for the rest to remind him that if he drew so heavily on his canned goods for company, he would have to eat bread and cheese for a week. Instead, she praised the canned salmon as if Wilbur had caught it himself in the Columbia River, and declared canned pine-apple more refreshing than ice cream. In turn, the young men praised the bread and cake from Helen's last baking, and all united in the opinion that the tea Stirling had made was all that could be asked of this beverage. Of course there are narrow souls that call appreciative praise in family life "flattery," "nonsense," and the like, and prefer to look for mistakes and failures, never losing an opportunity for a criticism or thrust, but such hearts never know the joy that comes from the dinner of herbs where love is, and they pass through life in the shadow they cast around themselves.

There had been a laudable absence of gunpowder in the morning, excepting the small boy's fire-crackers, but the evening display was brilliant enough. On the way to the hotel to witness the fireworks sent up from the pier, our young people passed the Red Lion, where they were grieved to see that some of the miners and a few woodmen were finishing the day in a drunken revel. "Too bad!" cried Helen, "after all our expense and trouble to keep them from drinking to-day."

"Ah, my dear," sighed Wilbur, "the licensed saloon can tear down in an hour all that Christian people can do in many days' work, and yet the church sleeps on, and lets the evil one sow tares in its wheat." The rockets whizzed up among the stars, putting them to shame with their brilliancy for an instant; the pin-wheels and Roman candles and more elaborate pieces delighted the spectators, and in spite of a strong wind every one went to bed in safety as far as the pyrotechnic display was concerned. But a poor fisherman went home drunk, lighted his pipe, and tumbled into bed. His neighbors were sleeping heavily after the sports of the day and the revelry of the evening, and before the cry was raised half a dozen homes were sending a flash of flame up into the midnight sky. The sounds of dancing feet and merry music had hardly died away in the hotel when the cry came: "The town is on fire, and the wind is bringing it this way!"

(To be continued.)

## ABOUT MEN.

A memorial of Charles Kingsley, in the form of a stained glass window, will be erected in the church at Hove, a village on the borders of Dartmoor, in which he was born.

One day, in 1830, a working jeweler, Joseph Gillett, won the famous steel-pen maker, accidentally split one of his fine tools. Being radically required to sign a receipt, and not finding his pen in his hand, he used the split tool as a ready substitute. This happy accident led to the idea of making pens of steel.

Fifty huge chests were required to transport from Greece to Berlin the superb collection of the relics of Troy left by the late Dr. Schliemann to the Berlin Museum of Art.

Edward Everett Hale, on being asked the secret of keeping young at the age of seventy, replied: "First, never do anything yourself which you can get another to do for you; second, never trouble yourself as to who will get the credit after it is done; third, never work after three o'clock in the afternoon, and sleep ten hours out of every twenty-four."

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army is described as angular and narrow-chested, but the possessor of great physical vigor. His eyes are dark and piercing, and an iron-gray beard falls in profusion over his chest. His hands are large, and remind the observer of the typical hairy hands of the son of toil. Gen. Booth is now sixty-two years old, and for forty years has been preaching the Gospel. He is a man of great earnestness and seems entirely devoid of sham and pretensions.

A biographer of Phillips Brooks, writing from personal acquaintance with the distinguished Massachusetts divine, says that he has always been a notably different man, distrustful of his ability. It is rather singular that Mrs. Beecher, in her memoirs, makes practically the same statement about the great Brooklyn preacher. Diffidence is so rare a virtue nowadays among men of genius, with whom it used to be proverbially associated, that it is interesting to take note of exceptions such as these. This same biographer of Bishop Brooks says that when first he took orders in the church he appeared to be overcome by the responsibility he had assumed. — *Harper's Weekly*.

As an illustration of Mr. Jay Gould's tireless energy and exactness when a young man, the *Albany Journal* describes a map of Delaware County, on file in Albany, which he made forty years or so ago,

when he was a surveyor. "Mr. Gould performed an immense amount of labor in getting the data for the maps, tramping all over the county. The position of every farm is indicated, as well as of all the houses, many of which were dangerously old and appear on the map. The hills, the woods, and even the locations of solitary trees here and there through the plains, all are shown."

Worth, the great designer of gowns, is credited with being an indefatigable worker, spending at least ten hours a day at his desk.

## Little Folks.

## A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too. But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do. Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.

"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name). And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always adds so proud, Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud! But I wished I hadn't, when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."

For I thought of my doll and — snobs alive — I answered — "Mary Ann!"

— ANNA M. PRATT, in *St. Nicholas*.

## A CUP OF COLD WATER.

## A Children's Day Story.

HELLE V. CHISHOLM.

AND whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

This was the verse that Mr. Cline announced as the text from which he would speak to the children on the following Sabbath.

Looking over the rows of little heads before him, he said: "You know, my dear young friends, that next Sunday will be Children's Day, and that it belongs especially to you. I have told you what I intend to preach about, and I hope you will all begin to practice the text right away. Let every child try to give at least one cup of cold water during the week. Bring some little friend to the church with you, if possible."

That was indeed a gala week in the little village. Such delightful times as the children had rehearsing their pieces and practicing their beautiful hymns! Saturday afternoon they all went to the church to assist in decorating it for the morrow.

"Only think, Madge Graham has not succeeded in getting a single girl to go with her to-morrow, and she is the only girl in the class who has made no effort to carry out Mr. Cline's request. If I were in her place, I should hate it awfully!"

This information Susy Lyman confided to the girls on their way home Saturday evening, not knowing that poor, sensitive Madge was within hearing of her unkind remarks. Vexed with herself and Susy, too, Madge lay awake for several hours, wondering what answer she could give her pastor, should he ask what effort she had made during the week to bring others to Christ.

"I do wish I was like the other girls," she sighed, dolefully; "but somehow I don't have courage to speak to people. I make up my mind I will, and then when the time comes my heart beats so fast and the words stick in my throat so, I cannot utter a syllable. I do hope I shall be able in the morning to overcome my cowardice, for I would be so glad to take some one to the church with me."

This hope was realized, though in a way altogether unexpected.

Just after breakfast, while she was standing by the window watering her plants, old Tom Bryant came shuffling down the pavement and stopped at the well to get a drink. A bright tin cup was usually kept on the pump for the accommodation of thirsty passers-by, but it was gone this morning, and the old man turned away much disappointed. He was a chronic drinker, and for the last two or three days had been on a spree; and that feverish thirst that almost consumes one when trying to sober up, was upon him.

"Now he will go down to the saloon and get something stronger," soliloquized Madge, watching his slow movements. But, instead, he seated himself on an old store-box at the corner of the alley, and the wretched, forsaken look on his face appealed powerfully to the little girl's heart. Heretofore she had looked upon the old tippler as a dreadful creature, to be shunned and avoided under all circumstances, but his utter desolation this morning made her think of the golden text for the day: "I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink." "Here is a chance for me to give a cup of cold water," she said, as she ran to the cupboard for a glass. When she reached up for the shining goblet, her eyes fell upon a large, juicy orange which her father had given her the day before. She had heard that oranges would quench the thirst of drunkards, and so, though she was very fond of the delicious fruit herself, she determined to carry her present to poor old Tom.

Filling her glass at the pump, she carried the pure, sparkling liquid to the wretched creature crouching in the corner, and passing it to him, said, "There was no cup at the well when you stopped for a drink, so I have brought a glass of water, Mr. — Mr. — Bryant."

"Tom — old Tom Bryant, you mean," gasped the friendless man. "Nobody calls me Mr. now, and nobody gives me cups of cold water, either. But I am ever so much obliged to you all the same," he added, as he took the glass from her hand and hastily swallowed its contents. "That tastes mighty good, I tell you, Miss. I was dreading thirsty, but, thanks to your kindness, I feel better now."

"Here is an orange for you, too," said Madge, slipping the beauty into his shaking hand. "It will put a good taste in your mouth."

Poor old Tom looked at her in amazement for a minute, and then rubbing the tears from his eyes with his coarse sleeve, he said: "I have not cried before since my little girl died; but I am not used to people being kind to me, an old drunkard, and it breaks me up

altogether to have you talk nice to me. It makes me feel like as if my own little Mary had come back. She always loved me — though God knows I was not worthy of her love. I have never had a friend since she went to her mother, and that was nigh onto ten years ago."

"Jesus would be your Friend if you would let Him," urged Madge.

"But I don't know anything about Him. My wife used to read the Bible to me, but since God took her and the little one from me, I have never opened its lids. You see I thought it was harsh to take from a man all he had in the world, and I have hardened my heart so against my Maker that He forsook me, too."

"He will forgive you if you ask Him for pardon," Madge whispered. "Come to our children's meeting to-day, and the minister will explain all about the wonderful love of Jesus, who died for us."

"Where shall I go?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"To the church," answered Madge. "Mr. Cline is going to preach a sermon to the children, and it will be ever so plain."

"That would suit me," murmured the old man.

"And the children are going to sing, and oh, the church is all decorated with the most beautiful flowers!" Madge replied.

"What's that for?" asked the man, wondering. "When I used to go to meetings, posies were left outside."

"They didn't have Children's Day then, but every year now, on the second Sabbath of June, the whole day is set apart for the children. The preachers tell the story of Jesus' love, and the children all take a silver offering which is to be used in starting new Sunday-schools in places where the boys and girls do not know about Jesus."

"No doubt it's very nice, very nice," said the old man.

"And you will be there, won't you?" urged Madge.

"I think I'll go, little one — not to hear the music or the preaching, but because you have asked me. Kindnesses are not so plenty that I can afford to throw them away," he said, as he shuffled away to put on his better suit. "I'll not disappoint you," he called back after he had crossed the alley.

And he didn't, for he reached the church half an hour before the people began to gather. Slipping quietly into a back pew, he listened eagerly to that sermon which, in the hands of the loving Father, was destined to change his whole after life. Never before had he heard such simple, earnest preaching. He could understand it, every word.

In the vestibule, when Madge came out, he bent his head and whispered in her ear: —

"I came, as I said I would, and I am glad I did."

"So am I," answered Madge, softly.

"There are lots of cups of cold water to be given in this world, and no hands are too little to carry them," he said with a smile that brought tears to the child's eyes.

The good seed sown in old Tom's heart had not fallen in stony ground, for poor and ignorant as he was, it took root, and springing up brought forth much fruit, as his after life fully proved.

"Madge did more than any of the rest of us, after all," admitted Susy, a few weeks later, when Tom signed the pledge and made known his intention of joining the church.

"It is not those who boast the loudest that accomplish the most," replied her mother, gently. "Madge made her offering unconscious of doing anything more than her simple duty. If you have an opportunity of presenting a cup of cold water to a needy brother or sister, do so without stopping to inquire whether or not you will be rewarded. Jesus has declared, 'Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in My name shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

## HEALTH HINTS.

## Cream for Invalids.

The fact is not so well known as it deserves to be that cream constitutes an admirable nutriment for invalids. It is superior to butter, containing more valuable oils. Persons predisposed to consumption, aged persons, or those inclined to cold extractions and feeble digestion, are especially benefited by a liberal use of sweet cream. It is far better than cod-liver oil, and besides being excellent for medicinal purposes, it is a highly nutritious food. — *Boston Journal of Health*.

Two Gums are Barometers of Health.







## Review of the Week.

Friday, May 31.

- Memorial Day very generally observed.
- The Bishop of Durham to mediate between the striking colliers and their employers.
- A bad wreck on the Alton road, not far from Chicago, caused by a cow; the engineer killed and fourteen persons injured.
- President Harrison receives an enthusiastic greeting at the unveiling of the soldiers' monument at Rochester, N. Y.
- Professor F. L. Tarbell, of Harvard, to join the faculty of the Chicago University and teach Greek tragedy.

Wednesday, June 1.

- Arrest of twenty persons charged with treason against the Hawaiian government.
- Baccalaureate address at Boston University by Dr. W. V. Kelley.
- Graduation exercises at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
- The International Monetary Conference an assured success; eight governments accept the invitation of this country.
- Count Leo Tolstoy, the Russian novelist and reformer, critically ill.
- Large fires in Buda Pesth, Moscow, and Melbourne.
- Senator Sherman makes a masterly protest against free coinage.
- The Reading combine enjoyed by a temporary victory won by a New Jersey court.
- The House considers the Post Office appropriation bill.
- African Methodists protest against Southern lynchings.
- A big break in the price of corn on the Chicago exchange caused the failure of Custer & Martin to a large amount.

Thursday, June 2.

- Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst and wife sail to Europe for a summer vacation.
- The worst freshet in the history of Indiana; Indianapolis threatened.
- A fire in a Bohemian mine causes great loss of life.
- The Durham miners' long strike ends with their defeat; they go back at a 10 per cent. reduction.
- An insurrection in Honduras.
- Kentucky honors the centenary of her admission as a State; Philadelphia makes her gift of historical paintings.
- The public debt increases \$4,600,000.

Friday, June 3.

- A fruitless conference on the granite strike.
- Another big crevasse near New Orleans; big plantations flooded and railroad tracks suspended.
- One hundred and forty bodies taken from the Bohemian mine; 300 more to be recovered.
- The Pope to send an exhibit to the World's Fair.
- Spain unwilling to grant "favored nation" treatment to British goods.
- Massachusetts Prohibitionists hold their annual convention and nominate State officials and choose delegates to the national convention.
- Editor Stead, of the Review of Reviews, inaugurating a new crusade against vice.
- Excellent crop prospects in Russia.
- Unveiling of the "High Water Mark" tablet at Gettysburg.
- A negro lynched at Port Jervis, N. Y., for assaulting a white girl.
- Great havoc wrought in many places in Texas by tornadoes and floods.
- Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York, sued for libel.

Saturday, June 4.

- A bicyclist to start from New York and ride around the world.
- Austin Corbin signs a contract for the construction of a tunnel under East River.
- The granite manufacturers throw open their yards to non-union men.
- Ten thousand cases of influenza in Buenos Ayres.
- Three thousand deaths thus far from cholera at Srinagar, India.
- Continued disaster and death by the floods in the West.
- Monday, June 6.
- Mr. Blaine suddenly resigns his secretaryship; the President accepts the resignation.
- A frightful calamity in the oil region; flood and fire at Oil City and Titusville cause the loss of many lives; a broken dam causes the flood, and explosions of oil cover the water with flame.
- The Emperor and Empress to visit.
- The mining town of Jintown, near Creed, Col., wiped out by a \$1,000,000 fire.
- The Emperor of Germany conferred the order of merit in art and science upon Dr. Gould, of Cambridge, Mass.

## THE CONFERENCES.

(Continued from page 6.)

An orchestra (cornet, clarinet, violin and bass-viol) has recently been introduced with a view to increasing the attendance. It is not expected that this alone will secure good results. Good speaking, hearty singing, and an attempt at as much variety as possible, have combined to draw large gatherings to this service. Two have been received on probation since Conference. The pastor, Rev. G. W. King, preached to a packed house before the Grand Army Post, Memorial Sunday, from 1 Tim. 6:12: "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life."

Monday evening, May 23, the Social Union of New Bedford and vicinity tendered a reception to Rev. B. F. Simon, the new pastor of the Fourth St. Church. The reception was held in the County St. Church. Addresses of welcome were made by R. F. Raymond, president of the Union, and Rev. C. W. Holden, pastor of the County St. Church. Bro. Simon responded very happily. These three brethren were fellow-students at Wesleyan University, and they made this pleasant occasion decidedly spicy. At this meeting officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, R. F. Raymond; first vice-president, Geo. M. Eddy; second vice-president, C. H. Gifford; recording secretary, Miss Mary H. Hinkley; corresponding secretary, S. H. Briggs; treasurer, A. G. Studley. This is the first Methodist Social Union, so far as is here known, organized on a democratic basis with membership fee in reach of all—one dollar per year. Two socials have been held during the past year, and seven other meetings had the following speakers: Drs. Gray and Chadwick of the Freedmen's Aid Society, Dr. Brodbeck, Prof. Dorchester, Drs. J. M. King and Geo. E. Strohbridge, and Prof. C. T. Winchester.

## Providence District.

**Rochester.**—The Methodist Church was crowded, both in the audience-room and vestry, on Memorial Sunday. The pastor, Rev. W. D. Woodward, preached from 2 Tim. 2:4, using the Revised Version: "No soldier on service entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier." On Decoration Day special services for the promotion of Scriptural holiness were held at the church in the afternoon and evening. Rev. M. D. Collins, of Scituate, Mass., was the preacher. Representatives of several denominations were present. The services were quickening. Miss E. F. Vincent, of Boston, was present and remained through the week, giving the "Gospel according to Moses," illustrated by large colored drawings of the Tabernacle and appearances. Miss Vincent is a very interesting speaker. The society has recently purchased a strip of land to widen its roadway to the sheds in the rear of the church.

**East Braintree.**—The members and congregation of this church gave their pastor, Rev. M. W. Reese, and his wife a very cordial reception on May 24. The exercises

opened with a song, after which speeches were made on behalf of the church and congregation by Messrs. Storm, Sampson and Allen, with responses by the pastor and his wife. Ice cream and cake were served by the ladies, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social manner. By invitation, the former pastor, Rev. G. H. Rogers, and his wife were present.

## MAINE CONFERENCE.

## Lewiston District.

**Lewiston.**—The Conference year opens hopefully. Rev. A. C. Traflet and wife are much enjoyed by the people. Sister Traflet has already revived the Epworth League.

**Bethel.**—The work here is in a most hopeful condition. Rev. B. F. Fickett and wife are much pleased with the outlook. His business experience and energetic spirit fit him well for his work here. At a recent communion season seventy partook of the sacrament. The vestry of the new church will soon be ready for occupancy. The people here are lifting heroically, and are worthy of the practical sympathy of all the friends of Methodism within the bounds of our Conference. Bro. Fickett has secured eight new subscribers for ZION'S HERALD.

**Neenah.**—This charge is weak financially and numerically, but Rev. A. K. Bryant has a genius for work and enterprise. He can teach school, practice medicine, nurse the sick, and make himself exceedingly useful in the community. He is sure to win.

**Rumford.**—Rev. M. K. Mabry is on his second year. His industry is catching, and the people are planning for an enlargement of the work. At the "Falls" 300 men are at work putting in the foundations for large paper and pulp mills, dwellings, etc. The company promise to give the lease of an eligible lot for the erection of a church edifice. The agent, who is a Methodist by inheritance, and whose wife is a member of our church, informed me that there will doubtless be two thousand people here in two years. It is said to be the best water-power on the Androscoggin. If possible, Bro. Mabry must have an assistant.

**Macon.**—Rev. A. H. Peare is also on his second year. He is preaching on a salary of \$350. He has a sick child that needs the entire time of her mother, rendering the keeping of help a necessity; yet they are contented with their lot. Bro. Peare is versatile in his accomplishments. He can teach school, give instruction in vocal music, and assist the farmers in grafting; and yet he is a studious and growing man. The days of true heroism in the Maine Conference are not passed.

**Lewiston, Hammond St.**—Improvements are still in order. The church edifice is to be newly painted at once, the funds having been raised. The church is prospering in all its interests under the wise and efficient leadership of its pastor. New voices are heard praising God. The members are hopeful and aggressive.

**South Waterford and Sweden.**—Bro. Gowell has been heartily welcomed and is enjoying these opening weeks of the year very much. He is planning for victory. Waterford is the birthplace of Rev. Aaron Sanderson, and Rev. Jonathan Fairbanks. When we passed the old homestead where Father Sanderson was born, memories of the past rushed in upon us. He received us into the church, gave us our first license to preach, and we were on the charge with him as junior preachers the first two years of our ministry.

**Brunswick.**—Rev. W. B. Dukeshire is finding great encouragement in his work. A floating debt of \$200 has been paid. One young lady has been converted, others are asking for converting, reclaiming, and quickening grace. The congregations are large. Bro. Dukeshire is preaching Sunday afternoon in the outlying districts, and the people are coming out in large numbers.

**Bowdoinham** is greatly pleased with their new pastor, Rev. W. F. Merrill; and they have shown by voting him an increase of \$200 on his salary. One has been converted, and two have been received by letter. The Epworth League is taking hold of the work with a strong hand. Under the auspices of the League a fine new cooking-range has been put into the parsonage, and new singing-books have been purchased for the social meetings. The vestries are soon to be renovated and beautified. In fine, a spirit of consecration and work seems to possess the people, and old Bowdoinham is flourishing.

**East North Yarmouth.**—The pastor, Rev. J. F. Keith, writes that his charge seems like a new one since the revival under the labors of Miss Pratt. The pastor is doing aggressive work.

**East Poland and Minot.**—We do not wish to give a too flattering report of the work on the district. But these are the facts in reference to this old charge: The salary of the young pastor has been put at \$600. At Minot the congregation is nearly one hundred. The social services are largely attended and full of interest; four young people have been converted. A Junior League has been formed, and has a good attendance. New life seems to have been infused into all departments of work. Rev. F. C. Potter is the pastor.

## Portland District.

**Portland.**—Pastorial Methodists did good service on Memorial Day. Hon. J. J. Parry, of Portland, delivered the address at Kittery; G. R. Palmer at Eliot; S. L. Hanson, of Belfast, at Saco; W. S. McIntire at Standish; M. S. Hughes had one of the evening addresses, and J. F. Clymer and G. D. Lindsay were assigned important parts on the program of the day at Portland. G. C. Andrews delivered the Memorial sermon at Saco.

**York.**—The pastor did not stop to discuss the theory of reaching young men, but has done the work and has a new hold upon the church and community. The church edifice is in splendid condition to repair. The arrangement of the house and the topography of the lot offer every convenience. Reconstruction is now in contemplation.

**Elliot.**—The young people's meeting fills the vestry, and the Sabbath congregation is said to be the largest in town. This church has some men who are generous givers, and a band of women that can make almost any enterprise a success.

A blast from the torrid zone has made things lively at Old Orchard. Workmen seen on the buildings and streets, getting ready to tip the contents of the city into the lap of the seaside. The pastor, Rev. W. Canham, is a visitor to the Boston School of Theology, and is at this writing attending the Commencement. The district meeting at Old Orchard begins August 15.

The sudden death of Rev. John Cobb, which occurred in Gorham, May 27, was a surprise to his family and the Conference, notwithstanding he had lived more than four score years. In a remarkable degree youthfulness attended him in age. Faith, hope, love, joy and courage were so blended in Bro. Cobb that he was a favorite in the Conference. Everybody had a good word to speak for him. The victory was so gloriously

won that there is occasion for rejoicing in the midst of our sorrow. The funeral services were conducted in the church in Gorham, Tuesday, May 31, and nearly twenty preachers were present. The order of service was under the direction of Rev. A. W. Foltis, assisted by Rev. T. N. Kewley, G. B. Palmer, C. F. Allen, G. D. Lindsay, D. B. Randall, Charles Munger, L. H. Bean, and W. S. McIntire. The singing was appropriate, impressive and sympathetic, and the spirit of victory pervaded the services.

## EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

## Bangor District.

**Bangor.**—The Bangor Commercial of May 30, in speaking of the Memorial sermon delivered by Rev. H. E. Foss in his own church, says:—

"The only disappointment over the Memorial sermon last evening was on the part of several hundred people who were unable to obtain entrance to Grace Church, Union St., where the services were held, and the eloquent pastor of which, Rev. H. E. Foss, delivered one of the finest sermons ever heard by the Grand Army."

## Bucksport District.

**Hancock.**—The Memorial address was delivered at this place, May 30, before Warren Post G. A. R., by Rev. J. A. Weed, of Sullivan. A very large audience was in attendance. The Town Hall was elaborately and prettily decorated, the music was good, and the address, patriotic and highly appreciated.

## VERMONT CONFERENCE.

## St Albans District.

The work of the year is opening pleasantly. **St. Albans.**—The pastor reached home from Omaha, May 28. The outlook is hopeful. Rev. W. D. Malcom supplied the pulpit very acceptably during the pastor's absence. Rev. G. W. H. Cline is absent on a visit to his son. Rev. H. Webster and wife were in town June 1. The W. F. M. S. auxiliary held a missionary tea with Mrs. Collins, June 1. It was a pleasant occasion.

**St. Albans Day.**—Rev. W. H. Hyde and family have arrived from the South and taken possession of the parsonage.

**Enochsburg Falls.**—The pastor, Rev. L. O. Sherburne, is president of the State S. S. Association. He is engaged in a vigorous effort to resuscitate the county organizations. A convention for Grand Isle County is to be held at North Hero, June 2.

**Georgia.**—Rev. J. E. Knapp is pushing energy for a new church, with good prospect of success. More from this enterprise later.

**Highgate.**—The departure of Snow brought floods (of tears). They have wisely turned to Boston for consolation. Rev. George Bernheimer, of the School of Theology at Boston University, will bring healing balm June 12. Meanwhile the Snow will melt and flow at White River Junction. So one's loss is another's gain; for howsoever you cut and trim it, the ice wheel, with its stern time limit, must still remain.

**Morrisville.**—Ground is broken for a new parsonage. Rev. R. L. Nanton will see to it that the enterprise does not lag.

**West Swanton.**—Rev. J. S. Tupper is forcing the fight in the new church. All interests are flourishing. Victory is in the air.

The first preachers' meeting for the year convened at West Swanton, June 6-8, under the fostering care of Rev. H. A. Bashnell. He has a desire to depart on account of impaired health; nevertheless it seems expedient for them that he remain. My strength increases!

**St. Johnsbury District.**  
The work on the district opens very well. The new presiding elder, Rev. J. Hamilton, has already proved that he possesses many of the capacities necessary for a successful career. Hearty appreciation and kind words are freely expressed by the charges he has visited, and all hope and pray that his motto, "A thousand souls converted on the district this year," will become a matter of history.

Financially, the charges are coming up. Over one-third of the quarterly conferences have been held, and all but one have increased the salaries of their respective pastors. The advances have ranged from \$25 to \$140.

**Preachers' Meeting** is to be held at St. Johnsbury Centre, June 27-29 (see program on 5th page). On the 28th the district stewards will be present. There seems to be just now a favorable opportunity for securing a district parsonage that will be a credit to Methodism. It is situated in St. Johnsbury, and is a house every way suitable for the purpose. Let every steward and all interested attend.

**St. Johnsbury.**—The reception tendered to the new pastor, Rev. C. W. Bradley, and the presiding elder was a very pleasant affair. The pastors of the church were filled with friends from all denominations, and a happy evening was spent. In addition to addresses of welcome, and responses, there were piano duets and singing by the St. Johnsbury Quartet. Among the guests of the evening were Revs. E. T. Fairbanks (Congregational) and F. D. Buckley (Episcopal), both of whom took part in the exercises. At the close a hearty supper was served in the dining hall of the church.

**West Burke.**—Rev. G. M. Carl, of Concord, N. H., delivered the addresses here on Memorial Sunday and Decoration Day. Both addresses were very highly spoken of by those who heard them; the members of the church are declaring they were the best with which they had been favored for many years.

**St. Johnsbury Centre.**—Bro. J. Morse, the new pastor, is, we are sorry to learn, unable to fulfill all his duties in consequence of illness. For two Sabbaths he could not perform his pulpit work. All will pray that this excellent and earnest workman may be fully restored to health and strength.

**Lyndonville.**—Bro. Dodd was favored, the other day, with a visit from a Wesleyan local preacher from his own county, York, Maine. He is said to be a promising young man, and the presiding elder sent him to supply a charge that persistently refused to receive the brother who was appointed at Conference.

**Sheffield.**—Bro. G. L. Wells has been invited to supply this charge during the year, and he is about to move his family to the place.

## Montpelier District.

Repairs are being made on the audience-room of the church at Waterbury Centre. Rev. R. J. Chrystie, the new pastor, has made a very happy impression, and the people are all hopeful of an unusually promising year.

Rev. L. E. Taylor, who was located at his own request at the last session of the Conference, has taken up his residence at Montpelier. As secretary of the Vermont Holiness Association, he will devote his whole time to the

forwarding of the work of that society. He is specially proficient in financial matters, and has already secured several large subscriptions.

Evangelist Reynolds has begun his season of service with the tabernacle, the campaign having commenced at Underhill. Such services last year were very successful. Mrs. Reynolds is still recovering from the severe surgical operation which she underwent.

Pastor Emery, at Stowe, is about to organize an Epworth League, if he has not already done so. There are many indications of progress in the charge, and several souls have already sought the Lord since Conference.

Rev. W. E. Douglass, who was transferred from another district and stationed at Watfield at Conference, is a valuable acquisition. His old friends bid him hearty welcome back again, and anticipate only happy results from his pastorate at Watfield. By the way, the church edifice at that point has been rechristened since Conference.

Special attention is called to the program of Commencement week at the Seminary, printed elsewhere in the paper. May there not be a general attendance from all over the Conference?

Montpelier Methodists are anticipating a new parsonage which shall be worthy the capital of the State. The amount realized by the sale of the old parsonage, supplemented by the very generous legacy lately fallen to them, will enable them to accomplish this very desirable result.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

## Concord District.

Sunday, May 29, was a red-letter day for Lakeport. A union baptism service was held; 47 persons were baptized—26 by the Free Baptist brother and 21 by the Methodist pastor, Rev. L. R. Danforth. Four were sprinkled, the balance immersed. Among the number were six sisters belonging to three different families, two from each family. It was a glorious day.

## Manchester District.

The presiding elder has returned, and is in his field at work. Let all look ahead for the year's work with faith and hope. Don't forget the camp-meetings at Claremont, Wilton, and Epping. The dates of the first two are yet to be fixed. Plan to attend some one of these gatherings.

Rev. Joseph Manuel, of Hillsboro' Bridge, has been called to England by the very severe illness of his mother. His sister died a few months ago.

Rev. W. A. Mayo and family were given a very cordial reception by the people of Salem Depot. The year opens well. Pastor and people are happy.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE HASTE.

REV. O. S. HACKETT.

The old adage, "Haste makes waste," has many appropriate applications. It was significantly true in the recent General Conference. Only three times since 1812 has an adjournment been reached as early as May 26. These were in 1812 (May 22), 1816 (May 24), 1828 (May 24). Never since 1832 have they concluded their sitting earlier than May 27, and that twice—in 1836 and 1864. They have eight times run over into June, varying from June 1 to 10. In 1884 the secretary's table was cleared and every report acted upon. But we fear the General Conference of 1892 will be known in history as one of undue haste.

There were but twenty-one working days of the session, and these were cut short by an immense amount of unnecessary talk. Points of order and privileged questions, many of which were lacking in sense, consumed time and retarded legislation. Petitions, resolutions and memorials had to be presented and have due consideration in the committee. If any action was deemed necessary, it was formulated by a sub-committee and carefully discussed in the committee of the whole, and then shaped as "Report No. —" to be printed and in due season reported for the consideration of the Conference. There were thirteen standing committees, beside about as many on special subjects. The special committees generally had reports of much interest. Some had only one, while others had three or four. Possibly of the standing committees none had fewer to present than the committee on Sunday-schools and Tracts; they had only nine; while of Revisals there were eight; of Finance, nine; of Book Concern, Judiciary, Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid, etc., also had many. Now all these were entitled to consideration at the hands of the Conference, or they were not worth the consideration given them in the committee—no matter whether they were adopted or laid on the table. But what are the facts? A large number of these reports—how many we are not advised, but probably not far from forty—in the haste to adjourn on the 26th were never given consideration.

I submit that this haste was very much against the spirit of good legislation. Important subjects cannot be considered without taking plenty of time. The editor of the *Epworth Herald* has pertinently said:—"The closing scenes of the General Conference were no credit to that body or to the church. During the last two or three days business of the greatest importance was rushed through with scarcely any consideration. The feverish haste with which business was transacted on the last day was happily described on the first of June or later, when some of the delegates were on their way home. But the wide rush occurred on the twenty-sixth day of May. There remained upon the secretary's table a vast amount of business which the committees had toiled over for days. Some of these matters were of vital importance. They should have been considered with deliberation and eagerness. But they were thrown aside as mere trifles. We hope the brethren who were in such haste will be able to reconcile the thing with their convictions of duty, but we cannot help feeling that the task will be difficult."

These are plain words, but true. Some things in this connection are important. I. Elections should not begin earlier than May 20. As soon as they are over, interest

in the proceedings on the part of some seems to decline. What may we infer? 2. Nothing should be said earlier than May 25 about fixing the time for adjournment. As soon as that is fixed many begin their plans to get away.

3. No delegate should think of leaving, or be excused, unless in case of sickness or death.

4. Conferences, both lay and clerical, would do well to pledge their delegates in advance to stand by and work from the first roll-call to the last unless sickness or death make earlier departure necessary.

The last hour of the session—from 1.30 to 2.30 p. m. of May 26—had about as much confusion as we found in the Chicago Board of Trade on June 1. It was doubted if a quorum was present during the last two hours. The final roll-call indicated about 260 out of 504. We are pleased to note that of the thirty delegates from the six New England Conferences twenty-two were in their seats at this last hour. Of the eight absent, three had been called home some days before—one by business, one by sickness in his family, and one by being himself stricken with paralysis. They were not much of a speaking-making crowd, but they put in faithful work in the committees.

The amount of work left undone, and the important matters unconsidered, and the early adjournment, were an example of haste that wasted the funds of the church without bringing the results that should have been expected. Some things done bear such marks of haste that they will be repented of during the next four years.

The National Epworth League Bureau has just been organized in Chicago. The officers are: Rev. G. R. Vanhook, D. D., Rev. Jas. T. Docking, Rev. Wm. Forker, Rev. C. H. Smith, and Mr. Page Wingrove. The League department provides churches and other Christian societies with lectures, concerts and other suitable entertainments. The list of talent is not excelled. The Employment department secures remunerative and morally safe employment of every kind for trustworthy persons anywhere. It is a central correspondence bureau for all Epworth Leagues. The securing of advanced positions for Christian teachers is a specialty. The Guide and Information department furnishes guides, chapters, and information in Chicago. Large preparation is being now made to provide furnished rooms in Christian homes for visitors to the Columbian Exposition. For prospectus address the National Epworth League Bureau, Room 46, 57 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

We have carefully read a "Reply to Dr. Townsend's Clerical Politics in the Methodist Episcopal Church," by S. McChesney, D. D. It is an able rejoinder, written as it were in good spirit, and those who have read Dr. Townsend will do well to follow Dr. McChesney in his reply. The pamphlet is published by Cranston & Curtis, Cincinnati.

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated physicians.

## THE ROYAL AND THE SOLDIER.

Army and Navy Journal.

During the last year, including the March contracts recently awarded, the Royal Baking Powder Company has supplied over 212,000 pounds, or 106 tons of baking powder for the United States Government and its Army and Navy officers.

For many years the Government has given its orders for Royal Baking Powder in preference to all others, it being found superior to all others in strength and purity by the official examination, and the only Baking Powder that will keep and retain its strength in the various climates to which it is sent by the Department.

2. Nothing should be said earlier than May 25 about fixing the time for adjournment. As soon as that is fixed many begin their plans to get away.

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